Rusty froze, his plastic green army man hovering mid-air above the living room rug. Beside him, Jack paused his drawing, the red marker squeaking to a halt. From the hallway, the rhythmic click-clack of fingernails on the floorboards signaled Dusty's arrival as she skidded around the corner, her one bent ear twitching violently.

"Dad?" Dusty whispered, her eyes widening.

A tall, broad-shouldered Red Kelpie stood in the doorway, his desert camouflage uniform looking slightly dusty from the long transport ride back to Brisbane. His ears were pushed back, a tired but immense smile stretching across his face.

Before he could even open his arms, a red streak blurred past the kitchen table.

"Dad!" Rusty yelled, abandoning his toys entirely. He hit his father's chest at full speed, his paws wrapping tightly around the man's neck. A second later, Dusty launched herself into the fray, burying her snout into his vest.

"Whoa! Easy there, troops," their dad chuckled, his voice thick with emotion as he wrapped his massive arms around both of them, lifting them clear off the floor. He buried his face in Rusty's red fur, inhaling the familiar scent of laundry detergent and backyard grass. "Missed you both so much."

Rusty gripped his dad's uniform shirt tightly, his tail wagging so hard it threatened to throw off his balance. "You're home! Mum said you had another week on patrol!"

"Spoke to the commander, told him I had a cricket match I couldn't miss," his dad whispered, setting them down but keeping his hands firmly on their shoulders.

From the kitchen doorway, Rusty's mum leaned against the frame, wiping her soapy hands on a dish towel. She didn't say anything at first. She just watched them, her eyes shining with quiet relief. The heavy burden of running the busy Enoggera household alone—managing the carpools, washing the kits, and keeping the fibro shack standing—visibly lifted from her shoulders. Her husband caught her eye and offered a soft, private nod.

"Hey, Jack," his dad called out over the kids' heads, noticing the young Jack Russell terrier standing politely by the couch, pulling nervously at his own ear. "Good to see you, son. Thanks for keeping an eye on my lieutenant here."

Jack beamed, his tail giving a rapid, involuntary thump against the floorboards. "Sir! Yes, sir! We were just setting up a perimeter defensive line, sir!"

"Outstanding," his dad smiled, saluting the young pup smartly.

"Digger's still down at the local nets practicing his bowling," Rusty's mum finally spoke, walking over to join the circle. She wrapped her arms around her husband's waist, resting her head against his chest. "But he'll be back for tea. I'm making a roast."

"Sounds perfect," he said, kissing the top of her head. He looked down at Rusty, noticing the intense, unwavering look of adoration in his middle son's eyes. "So, Rusty. I hear from your mother that you've been working on your pull shot."

Rusty's chest puffed out, the white marking on his fur prominent as he straightened his posture. "I practiced every single afternoon, Dad. Just like you said in the letter. Watch the ball, keep the elbow up."

"Is that right?" His dad reached down, picking up the well-loved, slightly splintered wooden cricket bat leaning against the living room wall. He tossed it lightly in his hand, looking out the window at the narrow patch of dry, pale yellow grass in the front garden where the three wooden wickets stood waiting. "Well. Dust off the tennis balls, boys. Let's see if you can hit it over the fence."

Rusty grabbed his leather fielder's mitt, his face radiant with pure joy. The long, quiet nights of staring at the stars and missing his hero were over. His family was whole again, and the backyard was waiting.

If you would like to explore this story further, tell me:

- Should we skip ahead to the **cricket match** when Digger returns?
- Do you want to see how **Jack's family** interacts with Rusty's dad?
- Would you like the story to focus more on **Rusty's mum and dad** catching up?

The sun broke through the Brisbane clouds, casting a warm, golden light across the backyard of the Heeler home. For the first time in what felt like an eternity, the heavy,

suffocating silence that had plagued the family was gone, replaced by the gentle rustle of the leaves and the distant, familiar sound of wind chimes. [1]

Chilli sat on the edge of the back deck, a warm mug of tea cradled between her paws. Her vision was completely clear now, free from the terrifying, dark distortions that the tumor had once forced upon her mind. The surgery had been a success, and the erratic, violent impulses that had gripped her were nothing more than a fading nightmare. Her mind was entirely her own again. [1, 2, 3]

Down on the grass, Bandit was kneeling next to Bluey and Bingo. He looked exhausted, lines of worry still etched into his face, but as he watched his daughters, his tail gave a tentative, hopeful wag. [1]

Bingo, wearing a clean, soft bandage around her neck where the medical team had treated her wounds, was holding a small rubber ball. She looked up at her mother, her big eyes cautious but filled with an undeniable, childlike longing. [1]

Chilli set her mug down. Her heart ached with the memory of the terror she had inflicted, but the doctors had helped the family understand that it was the sickness, not her, that had driven those actions. She slipped off the deck and walked slowly across the grass, sinking to her knees a few feet away from the girls. [1]

"Hey, sweethearts," Chilli said, her voice shaking slightly but rich with the genuine warmth that had been missing for so long.

Bluey blinked, looking from her dad to her mom, before taking a small step forward. "Are you... are you all better, Mum?"

"Yes, Bluey," Chilli whispered, tears gathering at the edges of her eyes. "The bad thing in my head is gone. I'm so, so sorry I scared you."

Bingo looked at the ball in her paws, then looked up at Bandit, who gave her a reassuring nod, placing a comforting paw on her back. With a sudden burst of emotion, Bingo dropped the ball and ran forward, throwing her small arms around Chilli's neck.

Chilli gasped, burying her face in Bingo’s soft red fur, holding her tightly but gently, ensuring she didn't hurt her healing injuries. Bluey joined a second later, tackling them both into a messy, tearful hug on the grass. Bandit moved in across from them,

wrapping his large arms around his entire family, pulling them all close against his chest. [1]

From the side gate, Brandy watched the scene, leaning against the wooden fence. She wiped a rogue tear from her own cheek, her heart swelling with relief. The dark secrets, the bitter resentment, and the trauma that had threatened to tear them apart had been brought to light, faced, and finally put to rest. The healing process would take time, and the scars would remain, but as she watched the four heelers tangled together on the lawn, she knew they were finally safe. [1]

The nightmare was over. The family was whole again.

If you would like to explore this alternate timeline further, let me know if you want to focus on:

- A specific conversation between **Chilli and Bingo** as they rebuild their bond.
- How **Bandit and Brandy** work together to support the family's recovery.
- A scene at **Calypso's school** where Bluey and Bingo adjust back to normal life. [1]

Try without personalization

> **You said: A specific conversation between Chilli and Bingo as they rebuild their bond.**
>
> A specific conversation between Chilli and Bingo as they rebuild their bond.
>
> June 19, 2026

The afternoon sun shifted, throwing long, cool shadows across the Heeler backyard. Bluey had gone inside with Bandit to help mix some lemonade, leaving Chilli and Bingo sitting together on the edge of the sandbox.

Between them sat a tiny plastic bucket and a yellow shovel. Bingo was idly moving the sand back and forth, her eyes fixed on her paws. The white bandage around her neck was a quiet reminder of what they had been through, but her breathing was calm.

Chilli watched her daughter carefully. She didn't want to push, but she wanted Bingo to know she was entirely present.

"That's a very neat pile of sand, Bingo," Chilli said softly, keeping her voice low and even.

Bingo stopped shoveling. She didn't look up immediately, but her tail gave a tiny, almost imperceptible twitch. "It’s a castle. But it doesn't have a roof yet."

"May I help you build the roof?" Chilli asked, placing her paws gently on the wooden edge of the sandbox, leaving plenty of space between them.

Bingo looked up then. Her big eyes searched Chilli’s face, looking for the strange, scary blankness that used to be there. Finding only her mother’s warm, familiar expression, Bingo nodded tightly. "Okay."

Chilli scooped a small handful of damp sand, smoothing it over the top of the pile to create a dome. She worked slowly, letting Bingo dictate the pace.

"Mum?" Bingo whispered, her voice barely louder than the rustle of the wind in the gum trees.

"Yes, sweet cheek?"

"Does your head still hurt?"

Chilli’s heart squeezed, but she kept her composure. She sat back slightly, looking directly at Bingo with complete honesty. "No, Bingo. It doesn't hurt anymore. The doctors took out the bad part that was making me sick. My head feels very quiet now. And very clear."

Bingo patted the side of the sandcastle. "When you were sick... you looked like Mum, but you didn't sound like Mum. You sounded like a mean storybook character."

"I know," Chilli said, a tear slipping down her nose, though she kept her smile reassuring. "And I am so, so sorry, Bingo. The sickness made my brain play tricks on me, and I forgot how to be gentle. But that sickness is completely gone. I promise you, the mean character is never coming back."

Bingo was silent for a moment, processing the words. She reached out and touched the edge of Chilli’s checked shirt, holding the fabric between her small fingers. "I was really scared of the belt, Mum."

"I know you were, sweetheart," Chilli said, her voice thick with emotion. She placed her paw flat on the sand, offering it to Bingo. "You never, ever have to be scared of me again. My arms are only for hugging you, and my hands are only for protecting you. Always."

Bingo looked at Chilli’s open paw. Slowly, she let go of the shirt and slid her small paw into her mother's hand. Chilli closed her fingers gently around it, squeezing just enough to let Bingo feel her warmth.

"Can we build a moat around the castle now?" Bingo asked, a small, genuine smile finally breaking through her cautious expression.

"I think a moat is an excellent idea," Chilli replied, wiping her nose with her free paw. "The biggest moat in Brisbane."

If you'd like to continue this scene or explore another part of their healing, tell me if you want to focus on:

- **Bandit bringing out the lemonade** and joining them in the sandbox.
- Bingo asking about the **bandages on her neck** and how they will heal.
- A transition to **bedtime**, showing how they handle the evening routine safely and comfortably.

You said: surgery succeeded and Shaun took all the tumors out of chilli's brain and stomach

bandit's belt surgery succeeded and Shaun took all the tumors out of chilli's brain and stomach

June 19, 2026

6 sites

The sterile smell of the Brisbane Hospital corridor finally faded as the doors to the private recovery wing swung open. Bandit was pacing the floor, his paws clamped tightly together, until he saw the black-and-white German Shepherd step out of the operating theater.

Dr. Shaun pulled off his surgical cap, wiping sweat from his brow, but a definitive, exhausted smile broke across his face.

"We got them all, Bandit," Shaun said, his voice low but completely steady. "Every single one. The tumor in her brain that was causing the aggressive behavior, and the ones growing in her stomach. The surgery was a complete success."

Bandit let out a ragged sob of pure relief, his knees nearly giving out as the crushing weight of the last few years finally lifted. Chilli was safe. The nightmare that had gripped their family was truly over.

A Quiet Moment of Peace

An hour later, Chilli was resting comfortably in her hospital bed. The harsh, erratic fire in her eyes was entirely gone, replaced by a deep, peaceful calm. For the first time in memory, her mind was completely her own again.

Bingo sat quietly on the edge of the mattress. The leather muzzle was gone, leaving only healing scars that she would no longer have to hide.

"Hey, my little grape," Chilli whispered, her voice weak from the anesthesia but undeniably warm and gentle.

Bingo looked up, her tail giving a cautious, tentative wag. "Does your tummy still burn, Mum?"

"Not anymore, sweet cheek," Chilli said, carefully reaching out a paw, leaving it open on the blanket for Bingo to take. "Dr. Shaun fixed it. He took the bad things out of my stomach, and the bad things out of my head. I can see you clearly now. I'm so sorry I couldn't before."

Bingo didn't hesitate this time. She leaned forward, burying her face into Chilli's side, weeping soft tears of relief. Chilli wrapped her arm securely around her daughter, holding her close, vowing into the quiet room that she would spend the rest of her life protecting her.

If you'd like to see how the family transitions next, let me know if we should focus on:

- **Dr. Shaun explains the recovery plan** and how Chilli will regain her strength.
- **Bluey and Bandit coming into the room** to make it a full family reunion.
- The family **returned home to the Heeler house** together for the first time.

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You said: chilli apologies for the way she treated her before she got sick

chilli apologies for the way she treated her before she got sick

June 19, 2026

The soft hum of the hospital monitors filled the quiet room as Bingo lay her head gently against Chilli's side. Chilli stroked her daughter's ears, but a heavy realization settled in her chest. She knew she couldn't just blame the sickness.

"Bingo," Chilli said softly, her voice carrying a deep, quiet sincerity. "Look at me for a second, sweet cheek."

Bingo pulled back slightly, her big brown eyes looking up at her mother.

"I need to tell you something very important," Chilli began, her eyes shining with tears. "I am so sorry for how I treated you, even *before* I got sick. Before the tumors made everything so dark and scary."

Bingo blinked, her little tail stopping its slow wag. "Before?"

"Yes," Chilli nodded, holding Bingo's small paws tightly in her own. "I know I was impatient. I know I snapped at you, and sometimes I made you feel like you were in the way or that you weren't doing things right. That wasn't the sickness, Bingo. That was me being tired, stressed, and wrong."

A tear slipped down Chilli's cheek, but she didn't look away. "You are a gentle, kind, and wonderful little girl. You never deserved to be yelled at, and you never deserved to feel like you had to walk on eggshells around me. I was your mother, and my job was to make you feel safe every single day. I failed you long before the hospital, and I am so deeply sorry."

Bingo looked down at their joined paws, swallowing hard. She remembered the tense mornings and the sharp voices from months ago, back when things were just starting to fracture. But looking at Chilli now, she didn't see that sharp, distant mother. She saw the mom who loved her completely.

"It's okay, Mum," Bingo whispered, leaning back in to hug Chilli's neck. "You're here now."

"I am here now," Chilli promised, squeezing her tightly, her voice fierce with resolve. "And I'm going to spend every day showing you how much I love you. No more snapping. No more hiding. Just us."

If you want to see what happens next in their healing journey, tell me if we should focus on:

- **Chilli having a similar talk with Bluey** to apologize for past pressures.
- **Bandit witnessing the apology** and reassuring Chilli that they are rebuilding together.
- **Dr. Shaun checking in** to clear Chilli to finally go home.

You said: brandy sees chilli and bingo

brandy sees chilli and bingo

June 19, 2026

2 sites

Brandy stood in the doorway of the hospital room, holding a small paper bag of pastries she had bought downstairs. She stopped completely still, her breath catching in her throat as she took in the scene before her.

Chilli was holding Bingo close, her chin resting on top of her daughter's head, while Bingo’s small paws were still tightly laced through her mother's fingers. The tense, rigid posture Chilli had carried for months was gone, replaced by the soft, protective curve of a mother who had finally found her way back to her child.

Brandy felt a heavy lump form in her throat. For so long, she had watched her sister slip away into anger and darkness, fearing that the vibrant, loving Chilli she grew up with was gone forever. Hearing Chilli openly apologize for the ways she had failed Bingo—even before the illness—made Brandy's heart ache with a mixture of profound grief and overwhelming relief. [1, 2]

"Hey," Brandy whispered, her voice cracking slightly as she stepped further into the quiet room.

Bingo blinked and looked up, a small but bright smile appearing on her face. "Auntie Brandy! Look, Mum's head is all quiet now. Dr. Shaun took the bad things away."

"I see that, sweet cheek," Brandy said, walking over to the opposite side of the bed. She set the bag on the bedside table and looked directly at her sister.

Chilli met her gaze. Her eyes were tired and rimmed with red, but they were completely clear, filled with a deep, silent gratitude. "Thank you, Brandy," Chilli murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "For staying. For looking after them when I... when I couldn't."

Brandy reached across the mattress, placing her hand over Chilli and Bingo's joined paws. "There is nowhere else I would have been, Chils. We're a family. We stick together."

If you'd like to see how the afternoon continues, tell me if we should focus on:

- Brandy sharing a **lighthearted moment** with Bingo to ease the heavy emotions in the room.
- Chilli apologizing to **Brandy** next for how the illness strained their sisterly bond.

- **Bandit and Bluey** returning to the room with drinks, bringing the whole family together.

You said: Brandy sharing a lighthearted moment with Bingo to ease the heavy emotions in the room.

Brandy sharing a lighthearted moment with Bingo to ease the heavy emotions in the room.

June 19, 2026

Brandy looked at the tear-stained faces of her sister and niece. She knew it was time to break the heavy silence. She let go of their hands and reached for the brown paper bag she had placed on the table, letting out a dramatic, exaggerated gasp.

"Oh no!" Brandy cried out, her eyes widening as she peeked inside the bag. "Bingo, we have a major, top-secret hospital emergency."

Bingo blinked away her last few tears, her curiosity instantly sparked. "What is it, Auntie Brandy?"

"The bakery downstairs told me these were high-quality, professional-grade croissants," Brandy whispered loudly, leaning in close. "But I just looked, and I think they accidentally gave me a family of sleeping, golden-brown hedgehogs. Look!"

She tipped the bag forward just enough for Bingo to see the flaky, curved pastries inside. Bingo let out a bright, giggling snort, the heavy tension completely vanishing from her face.

"They aren't hedgehogs, Auntie Brandy!" Bingo laughed, reaching into the bag to pull one out. "They're just bread!"

"Are you sure?" Brandy asked, narrowing her eyes suspiciously at the pastry. "Because that one looks like it's about to wake up and tickle your nose."

To prove her point, Brandy grabbed a second croissant and booped it gently against Bingo's nose, making the little red healer erupt into a fit of pure, chaotic giggles. Chilli watched them from the pillows, a genuine, radiant smile spreading across her face. The sound of her daughter laughing safely was the best medicine she could have ever asked for.

If you'd like to keep the story going, let me know if we should focus on:

- **Bandit and Bluey walk in** right as Bingo is laughing, wanting to join the fun.
- Chilli trying to **eat a pastry**, showing she is finally getting her appetite back.
- Brandy tells Bingo a **funny story about Chilli** from when they were kids to keep the happy mood going.

You said: bandit’s belt surgery succeeded and Shaun took all the tumors out of chilli’s brain and stomach and feeling extreme regret for her bitterness towards bingo before

bandit’s belt surgery succeeded and Shaun took all the tumors out of chilli’s brain and stomach and feeling extreme regret for her bitterness towards bingo before

July 3, 2026

Chilli watched Bingo laughing with Brandy, the sound of her daughter's pure, untainted giggles echoing off the sterile hospital walls. But instead of fully lifting her spirits, the sound sent a sharp, agonizing stab of regret straight through Chilli's heart.

The physical pain from her surgeries was fading, but the emotional ache of her own past bitterness was becoming almost too heavy to bear. Now that her mind was entirely clear—freed from the suffocating fog of the brain and stomach tumors—she could see everything with terrifying clarity.

She remembered the months *before* the sickness had truly taken over. She remembered how she had let her own exhaustion and unspoken resentments color the way she looked at her youngest daughter. She had been sharp. She had been cold. She had made Bingo feel like a burden long before the tumor turned her violent.

"Chils?" Brandy asked softly, her playful smile faltering as she noticed the sudden, deep shadow falling over her sister's face. "You alright?"

Chilli swallowed hard, a ragged, trembling breath escaping her throat. She looked at Bingo, who was still holding the croissant, her little eyes wide and attentive.

"I'm just..." Chilli's voice broke, tears spilling over her eyelids and soaking into her fur. "I'm just so sorry, Bingo. I keep thinking about how I treated you. Even before the bad things grew in my head and my tummy. I was so bitter, and I took it out on you. You were just a little girl needing your mum, and I turned away."

Bingo's smile softened into a quiet, understanding look. She set the pastry down on the bedside table and scrambled back up onto the mattress, moving slowly so she wouldn't hurt her mom's surgical stitches.

"Mum, it's okay," Bingo whispered, pressing her small, warm forehead against Chilli's arm. "You were hurting. We didn't know why, but you were hurting."

"That's no excuse, sweet cheek," Chilli sobbed openly now, wrapping her arms around Bingo, burying her face in her daughter's scent. The guilt was suffocating, a heavy weight in her chest, but feeling Bingo's small heart beating safely against hers was the only anchor keeping her grounded. "I am going to spend every single day making it up to you. I promise. Every single day."

Brandy moved closer, placing a comforting, steadying hand on Chilli's shoulder, letting her sister cry out the years of built-up poison and regret. The past couldn't be erased, but for the first time, the path forward was completely clear.

If you would like to continue this emotional turning point, let me know if we should focus on:

- **Brandy speaking privately to Chilli** to help her forgive herself so she can heal.
- **Bandit entering the room** and overhearing, offering his own reassurance to his wife.
- A transition to **Chilli's first night back home**, showing how she actively changes her behavior to make Bingo feel safe.

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> **You said: Brandy and bandit speaking privately to Chilli to help her forgive herself so she can heal and apologize for cheating on her with her sister.**

> Brandy and bandit speaking privately to Chilli to help her forgive herself so she can heal and apologize for cheating on her with her sister.

July 3, 2026

The room grew quiet after Brandy gently guided Bingo out into the hallway to get a drink with Bluey. Bandit closed the heavy hospital door, shutting out the soft murmurs of the corridor, and walked slowly to the edge of Chilli's bed.

Chilli sat propped up against the pillows, her face buried in her paws, her shoulders shaking with deep, silent sobs. The tumors were entirely gone, but the clarity had brought a different kind of agony.

Bandit sat on the edge of the mattress, while Brandy stood close on the other side.

"Chils, look at me," Bandit said softly, placing a warm paw over her trembling ones.

Chilli pulled her paws away, looking at them both with eyes full of shame. "How can you two even stand to be in this room with me? The way I treated Bingo... the bitterness I held onto before the sickness even started. I ruined everything. I broke our family."

"You didn't break us, Chilli," Brandy said gently, rubbing her sister's shoulder. "The sickness exacerbated things, but the pressure you were under before that was real too. You have to stop punishing yourself. You can't heal if you keep carrying all this poison."

Chilli shook her head, a fresh wave of tears spilling down her cheeks. "It's not just the illness, Brandy. It's what we did. It's what *happened* between the three of us."

The air in the room grew heavy as the elephant in the room was finally brought to light. Bandit took a deep breath, his own eyes shining with unshed tears. He gripped Chilli's hand tighter.

"Chilli, that is on me," Bandit said, his voice thick with a mixture of regret and absolute sincerity. "I need to apologize to you. Truly apologize. While you were slipping away, while things were getting dark and we didn't know why... I failed you. I cheated on you with Brandy. I betrayed your trust when you needed a partner the most, and there is no excuse for what I did."

Brandy looked down, her voice trembling as she joined in. "And I am so deeply sorry too, Chils. I let my own loneliness and the mess we were all in blind me. I hurt my sister, and I broke the trust of the person I love most in this world. We both made a horrible, selfish mistake while you were drowning."

Bandit looked directly into Chilli's clear, tumor-free eyes. "We aren't going to pretend it didn't happen, and we aren't asking you to just forget it today. But you need to know that the anger and bitterness you felt wasn't just you being a 'bad mom' or a 'bad person.' We all fractured. But we are here now, and we want to fix this. We want to rebuild this family, together, honestly."

Chilli let out a long, ragged breath, looking from her husband to her sister. For the first time, the secrets were completely out in the open. The betrayal stung, but looking at the two of them standing by her hospital bed—after everything she had put them through during her violent illness—she saw a raw, fragile path toward forgiveness.

"It's a big mess," Chilli whispered, wiping her nose with the back of her paw.

"The biggest mess in Brisbane," Bandit managed a small, sad smile, squeezing her hand. "But we're going to clean it up. Step by step. Starting with getting you better."

If you would like to see how they begin to navigate this raw honesty, let me know if we should focus on:

- Chilli expressing her **raw feelings about the betrayal** to Bandit and Brandy now that the truth is out.
- How **Bandit and Brandy intend to rebuild trust** with Chilli moving forward.
- The moment **the kids come back in**, and how the adults put their issues aside to focus on the girls.

You said: How Bandit and Brandy intend to rebuild trust with Chilli moving forward.

How Bandit and Brandy intend to rebuild trust with Chilli moving forward.

July 3, 2026

3 sites

Bandit and Brandy looked at Chilli, waiting through the heavy silence that followed their confession. They knew that saying "sorry" was only the first step. Rebuilding the trust they had broken would take time, consistency, and a complete change in how they navigated their relationships. [1, 2, 3]

Bandit's Commitment to Full Transparency

Bandit leaned forward, keeping his grip on Chilli's paw firm but gentle.

"I know words don't mean much right now, Chils," Bandit said, his voice steady despite the emotion thick in his throat. "Moving forward, there are no more secrets. No more hiding how hard things are, and no more looking outside our marriage when things get heavy. I am committing to total transparency with you."

He laid out his plan to rebuild their foundation:

- **Marriage Counseling:** "As soon as you are physically strong enough, I want us to go to counseling. We need a professional to help us untangle the mess I made and figure out how to talk to each other again."
- **Consistent Presence:** "I am taking an extended leave from the university. My only job right now is being here for you, Bluey, and Bingo. You won't have to carry the weight of parenting alone anymore."
- **Re-earning Intimacy:** "I'm not going to pressure you for things to go back to normal. I am going to earn your trust back from square one, proving every single day that I am your partner."

Brandy's Boundaries and Sisterly Support

Brandy stepped closer to the other side of the bed, her expression a mix of sorrow and fierce determination.

"And for me, Chilli, it means stepping back into the right role," Brandy said, a tear slipping down her cheek. "I let my own loneliness twist things. To fix this, I am establishing strict boundaries. Bandit and I will never be alone together. Anything we need to discuss regarding the kids or your recovery happens out in the open, with you."

She detailed how she intended to show up for her sister safely:

- **Focusing Entirely on Chilli and the Kids:** "I am here to be *your* sister and the girls' auntie. I want to help with the house, groceries, and taking care of Bingo's medical appointments so you can focus strictly on resting your brain and body."

- **Open-Door Communication:** "If you are angry, if you want to scream at me, or if you need to ask me questions about what happened, I will answer completely honestly. I won't hide from your hurt."
- **Giving Space:** "Once you are settled back at home and stable, I will head back to my place. I want to support you, but I also know you and Bandit need space alone to figure out your future without my shadow over it."

A Fragile Agreement

Chilli listened to them both, her clear eyes tracking their faces. The pain of the betrayal was a sharp, raw ache in her chest, but looking at them, she didn't see the deceitful people from months ago. She saw her husband and her sister, exhausted but entirely present, offering a real framework to fix the damage.

"It's going to take a long time," Chilli whispered, her voice tired but resolute.

"We have all the time in the world, Chils," Bandit replied softly.

If you'd like to continue this journey of healing, let me know if we should focus on:

- The family **returning home to the Heeler house** and setting up Chilli's recovery space.
- The first **family dinner back home**, showing how Bandit and Brandy balance helping out while respecting Chilli's space.
- Chilli's **first honest conversation with Bluey** about the changes happening in the family.

You said: (Fanfic) Bandits Belt Happy Ending : A fanmade short story inspired by the infamous Fanfic " Bandits Belt" The sounds of beeping coming from the monitors in the hospital room along with the overhead light caused a red heeler to slowly open her eye's, her vision was still a little bit groggy as she began to wonder where she was. She looked around slightly, vision still groggy to find a number of mysterious figures surrounding the bed that she was laying on, but the one figure that she noticed the most was the silhouette of a blue furred individual who was quick to notice the heeler dog starting to regain consciousness."Oh my god Chilli !" He said, the blue heeler then turned his attention towards the purple heeler who was right beside him. " Stripes get the doctor!""On it brother!" Stripes replied as he left the room to get the doctor as instructed by his older brother. After what felt like an eternity, the red heeler now identified as Chilli finally regained her vision. And to her shock and surprise, there stood none other than her family and friends including her Husband Bandit, their kids Bluey and Bingo, Conner, Jamie Billy Jenny chilli's sister Millie Luz freckles Leo Leo Luna Samantha, Johnathon Nica Luz and Andy Akie Connie Bowie Craig and all of the crystal gems of all ages Her father Mort and older sisters Brandy, Millie her younger sister Bonnie Her sister in law Trixie alongside her nieces Ruby Socksy, panda and Socks, and of course Stripes who was out collecting the doctor, The Heeler brothers mother Chris and her husband Bob as well, jade heeler bandit's younger sister Jade heeler trixie's sister moxie their brother mitzi their daughter SCSU sophomore and dms 7th grader same with baxter, and even Bluey's friend Mackenzie was there as well.Each one of them had looks of pure happiness written on each of their faces, overjoyed to see the

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A collective cheer went up from the crowded hospital room as Chilli and Bandit’s lips parted. The sound of real, uncomplicated joy echoed off the walls, entirely erasing the heavy, sterile dread that had lingered in Chilli's mind just moments before.

Mort wiped a tear from his eye, leaning heavily against Brandy. "See there, Chils? Told ya. Just a nasty bump on the noggin and a wild imagination."

"A very wild imagination," Chilli murmured, her voice finally catching its natural, steady rhythm. She reached down, her paws instantly finding Bluey and Bingo, drawing them both into a tight, fiercely protective hug. Feeling the smooth, unblemished fur of Bingo’s neck—free of bandages, free of scars, and entirely whole—made a fresh wave of happy tears spill over Chilli's eyelids. "I've got you. I've got you both."

"We've got you too, Mum," Bluey beamed, burying her nose into Chilli's side.

Steven Universe stepped forward from the back of the massive crowd, a warm, empathetic smile on his face as the Crystal Gems gathered around him. "Hey, minds can play some pretty scary tricks on us when we're hurt or stressed. But the important thing is that the nightmare is over. You're awake, and look around—you've got a whole universe of people who love you."

Garnet gave a firm, reassuring nod, her visors reflecting the bright overhead lights. "The future is clear, Chilli. And it is bright."

"Yeah! No creepy evil nasty dream tumors are gonna mess with our favorite red heeler!" Amethyst chimed in, tossing a playful fist into the air, which made Socks and Socksy giggle from Trixie’s arms.

Dr. Shaun smiled, clicking his pen closed as he hooked the chart back onto the foot of the bed. "Alright, everyone. I'm thrilled Mrs. Heeler is back with us, but let's give the lady of the hour a little bit of breathing room. We need to run those standard recovery tests so we can get her officially discharged and back to the Bluey house."

"He's right, let's move it out, crew," Stripes called out good-naturedly, clapping his hands together to guide the massive, eclectic crowd of family, neighbors, heroes, and Gems out toward the waiting room.

As the room slowly emptied, leaving just Bandit, Bluey, and Bingo by her side, Chilli looked out the big hospital window. The Brisbane sun was shining brilliantly, casting long, golden beams across the room. There were no dark secrets. There was no bitterness, no muzzles, and no broken trust.

Bandit climbed up onto the edge of the mattress, wrapping his large, warm arms around Chilli and the girls, sandwiching them all together in the ultimate Heeler hug.

"We're going to play a much safer game next game night," Bandit whispered into her ear, his tail wagging furiously against the bedsheets. "Maybe just a nice, quiet game of 'Keepy Uppy'."

Chilli let out a bright, beautiful laugh, leaning her head against his shoulder. "I think that's a wonderful idea, big fella. The best idea in Brisbane."

This brings a beautiful, comforting end to the alternate timeline where it was all just a dream! If you want to expand on this happy ending, let me know if we should focus on:

- Chilli's **official discharge from the hospital** a few days later and her grand welcome-home party.
- A scene where Chilli, Bandit, and the girls finally play that **safe game of Keepy Uppy** in the backyard.
- How Chilli explains the **importance of family and safety** to Bluey and Bingo before bed that night.

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10:40 AM

Chilli wakes from a coma caused by a fall during a game of Twister to discover the horrific events from her nightmare were not real. Her family is safe and sound, and the traumatic memories were just a bad dream.

You said: Chilli wakes from a coma caused by a fall during a game of Twister to discover the horrific events from her nightmare were not real. Her family is safe and sound, and the traumatic memories were just a bad dream.

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10:40 AM

1 site

The room filled with a collective sigh of pure relief as Chilli broke the kiss with Bandit, her heart finally slowing to a normal, steady rhythm. The terrifying memories of muzzles, dark hospitals, and broken trust began to evaporate like morning mist under the bright, warm glow of the hospital lights.

She looked down at Bluey and Bingo, who were still clinging tightly to her hospital gown, their fur clean, soft, and entirely free of wounds or bandages.

Reconnecting with the Present

Chilli let out a breath she felt like she had been holding for an entire month, her paws gently stroking her daughters' ears.

- **Reassurance**: "I'm right here, sweet cheeks," Chilli whispered, her voice thick with emotion but completely clear. "I'm not going anywhere."
- **Gratitude**: She looked up at the crowded room, meeting the eyes of her father Mort, her sister Brandy, and all of her family and friends who had packed into the small space just to witness her wake up.
- **Peace**: The heavy, suffocating guilt that had plagued her in the dream was completely gone, replaced by the deep, grounded knowledge that her family was whole, safe, and happy.

A Gentle Departure

Dr. Shaun stepped forward with a warm smile, tapping his medical chart against his hip to get the room's attention.

"Alright, everyone," Dr. Shaun announced cheerfully. "Now that the patient is awake and giving out kisses, we need to clear the room out a bit to run her standard post-coma reflex tests. Let's give the Heeler family a little breathing room." [1]

"You heard the doctor, let's move it out, crew," Uncle Stripes called out, clapping his hands together playfully to usher Muffin, Socks, Trixie, and the rest of the visitors toward the hallway.

Wendy gave Chilli a reassuring wink before she and Judo stepped out, while Mackenzie gave a quick wave, proud that his countdown to her waking up had finally ended.

Safely in His Arms

As the heavy hospital door clicked shut, leaving only Bandit, Bluey, and Bingo in the quiet room, Bandit wrapped his large arms around Chilli once more, burying his nose into her neck.

"I am never buying a game of Twister again," Bandit mumbled into her fur, his tail giving a rhythmic thump against the side of the hospital mattress. "From now on, game night is strictly restricted to cards and very low-stakes board games."

Chilli let out a genuine, beautiful laugh, the last remnants of her nightmare completely fading away. "I think that's the best idea you've ever had, big fella."

If you would like to see how Chilli fully transitions back to her normal life after her month-long slumber, let me know if we should focus on:

- Chilli's **official discharge from the hospital** and her grand, chaotic welcome-home party at the Heeler house.
- The family playing a **much safer game of Keepy Uppy** in the backyard once Chilli gets her strength back.
- Chilli having a **quiet bedtime talk with Bingo**, helping them both fully move past the scary thoughts from the dream.

You said: Chilli having a quiet bedtime talk with Bingo, helping them both fully move past the scary thoughts from the dream.

Chilli having a quiet bedtime talk with Bingo, helping them both fully move past the scary thoughts from the dream.

10:50 AM

The shadows in Bingo’s bedroom were soft and familiar, painted in the gentle glow of the nightlight. The hospital discharge papers were neatly filed away downstairs, and Chilli was finally back in her own home, tucked under the covers next to her youngest daughter.

Bingo lay quietly, her small head resting on Chilli’s chest, listening to the steady, rhythmic beat of her mother’s heart. Despite the joy of having Chilli back, a lingering quietness hung over the young heeler.

Chilli combed her fingers through Bingo’s soft orange fur, sensing the unspoken worry. "What's bouncing around in that little brain of yours, sweet cheek?"

Bingo hesitated, her small fingers twisting the edge of her blanket. "Mum? When you were asleep in the hospital... did you dream about us?"

Chilli’s heart gave a gentle squeeze. She thought back to the dark, terrifying landscape of her coma—the horrific image of the muzzle, the broken trust, and the bitterness that had felt so real. She looked down at Bingo, whose neck was perfectly fine, completely free of any scars or bandages.

"I did have a dream, Bingo," Chilli said softly, her voice a comforting anchor in the quiet room. "It was a very big, very scary dream where I forgot how to be gentle, and I made you feel unsafe. It felt so real that when I woke up, I was terrified I had really hurt you."

Bingo looked up, her big brown eyes wide. "But you didn't. Dad said you just fell over playing Twister."

"Exactly," Chilli smiled warmly, booping Bingo’s nose gently. "It was just my brain playing tricks on me while I was resting from that big bump on the head. The real world

doesn't have muzzles, or bad sicknesses hiding in my head, or a mean mom. In the real world, you are completely safe. And I am completely your normal, regular Mum."

Bingo let out a long, tiny sigh, the last bit of tension leaving her small shoulders. She snuggled deeper into Chilli's side. "I like the real world better."

"Me too, my little grape," Chilli whispered, wrapping her arm securely around her daughter and kissing the top of her head. "Me too. Now close those eyes. The nightmare is all gone."

If you would like to continue exploring the Heeler family's return to their happy, everyday life, let me know if we should focus on:

- The next morning, where Bandit and Bluey surprise them with a **chaotic breakfast in bed**.
- Chilli and Bingo going back to **Calypso's school** to thank her friends for their support.
- A fun afternoon in the backyard playing a **safe game of Keepy Uppy**.

You said: flashback of the twister incident of bandit and chilli tangled knocked chilli on her noggin unconscious and bandit and bluey and bingo panicked It was a rainy day in Brisbane, Australia. Everyone was inside of their homes, with their family waiting for the rain to stop. Some families were watching movies, others were taking an early nap to wait out the rain. However, on the top of the hill lived the Heeler family. They were having fun, with a game of twister all four of them. They were just an average family living the most amazing yet simple life anyone could want.

Their house was large, with everything they could have ever wanted.The heelers were in the second living room. Bluey who was on the couch was watching as her 2 parents were playing on the ground. She Was a 6-year-old blue heeler, covered with dark blue patches around her face and back, and so was her father Bandit. Who had a black patch covering the top of his face, making him look like a bandit. And a large black patch on his back. He was tangled with his wife who was a red heeler who was a bit light orange, with even light orange patches all over her body and a dark brown patch on the right side of her face. And lastly, the youngest heeler was Bingo She looked almost like her mum except she didn't have any brown patches on her face. Bingo was the youngest in the heeler family being, 5 years old. And giggling while watching her family struggle."ok my turn, bingo flip the spinny thing," said Bandit, frustrated "Alrighty," she said happily as she spun the spinner, waiting for the hand to land "Left hand on purple," she said, smiling "Oh for Christ sake" bandit was having difficulty moving to the purple. Since It was on the far right side of the paper they were on. "Come on bandit we believe in you" exclaimed his wife. As she was being crushed by her husband's body. "OK, I almost got it, right the- WHOA" bandit yelled as he fell on chili,

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10:55 AM

The sound of the pouring Brisbane rain against the windows was completely drowned out by the sudden, heavy *thud* that echoed through the second living room.

For a fraction of a second, there was total silence.

Bandit scrambled off the tangled mat, rubbing his arm, a sheepish laugh already forming on his face. "Oof, sorry about that, Chils! I told you my left hand wasn't going to make it to—" He froze.

Chilli wasn't moving. She lay completely flat on her side, her eyes closed, and her head resting awkwardly against the hard edge of the nearby wooden coffee table.

"Mum?" Bluey asked, her voice instantly losing all its playful energy. She sat up straight on the couch, her little tail drooping. "Mum, get up. The game's over, Dad lost!"

Bingo stepped closer to the mat, the colorful plastic spinner slipping from her small paws and clattering onto the floor. "Mum? Wake up. It's not funny."

Bandit’s heart plummeted into his stomach. The goofy, relaxed expression vanished from his face, replaced by a sudden, freezing panic. He dropped to his knees beside his wife, his hands trembling as he gently touched her shoulder. "Chilli? Chils, hey, look at me. Open your eyes, sweetheart."

There was no response. Chilli’s breathing was shallow, and a small, bruised bump was already starting to form on her noggin where she had struck the table.

"Bandit, what's wrong with her?!" Bluey cried out, tumbling off the couch and rushing to her father's side, tears instantly welling up in her large eyes. "Why isn't she talking to us?!"

"Dad, make her wake up!" Bingo sobbed, burying her face into Bandit's wet fur as the weight of the situation hit the five-year-old.

"Bluey, grab my phone off the kitchen counter! Right now!" Bandit yelled, his voice cracking with pure terror as he tried to keep his composure for the girls. He carefully supported Chilli’s head, his mind racing with a million worst-case scenarios. "Chils, please. Please wake up. I'm so sorry..."

Outside, the rain continued to beat down on the hill, completely unaware of the frantic, terrifying panic unfolding inside the Heeler home—the very moment that would send Chilli into the month-long slumber she had just escaped.

Now that Chilli has remembered the true memory of how her coma started, let me know if we should focus on:

- Chilli comforting **Bandit** in the hospital room, helping him let go of the guilt from the accident.
- Bluey and Bingo talking about how **scared they were on that rainy day** and how happy they are to have her back.
- Dr. Shaun giving Chilli a **final physical checkup** before she can finally leave the hospital bed behind.

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10:55 AM

4 sites

The heavy, sudden crash of Bandit’s entire weight landing on Chilli echoed through the second living room, instantly cutting off the sound of the pouring Brisbane rain.

For a terrifying second, nobody moved.

Bandit quickly scrambled off the tangled plastic mat, a nervous chuckle rising in his throat as he rubbed his elbow. "Oof! Sorry about that, Chils! My foot completely slipped on the red circle, I told you my left hand wasn't going to make it all the way over to—"

He froze mid-sentence.

Chilli didn't laugh. She didn't roll over or groan about being crushed. Instead, she lay completely still on her side, her eyes tightly shut. Her head rested at an unnatural angle against the hard wooden corner of the nearby coffee table.

The Shift to Pure Panic

The playful atmosphere in the cozy room evaporated into thin air.

- **Bluey's Reaction**: Bluey tumbled off the couch, her little tail dropping instantly. "Mum? Wake up! The game is over, Dad lost!"

- **Bingo's Terror**: Bingo dropped the plastic spinner. It clattered loudly against the floorboards as her giggles turned into a sharp gasp. "Mum? Get up. It's not a funny joke."
- **Bandit's Desperation**: Bandit dropped to his knees, his hands trembling violently as he reached for her shoulder. "Chils? Chilli, hey, look at me. Open your eyes, sweetheart. Come on, don't do this." [1]

He gently lifted her head, and his heart completely stopped. A nasty, dark bruise was already starting to form on her noggin where she had struck the sharp wood. Her breathing was shallow, and she was completely unresponsive.

A Frantic Cry for Help

"Bandit, what's wrong with her?!" Bluey shrieked, tears instantly flooding her large eyes as she grabbed her father's arm. "Why isn't she talking to us?!" [1]

"Dad, make her wake up! Make Mum wake up!" Bingo sobbed loudly, burying her face into her father's side as the five-year-old completely panicked.

"Bluey, grab my phone off the kitchen counter! Right now! Call triple zero!" Bandit yelled, his voice cracking with a terrifying level of fear he had never felt before in his life. He scooped Chilli into his arms, holding her close while trying to keep his own sobbing daughters stable. "Chils, please... please be okay. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry..." [1, 2]

Outside, the heavy rain continued to batter the roof of the house on the hill, entirely blind to the heartbreak and panic that had just sent the Heeler matriarch into her month-long coma.

Now that the true memory of the accident has fully played out, let me know if we should switch back to the hospital room and focus on:

- Chilli holding **Bandit's paws** to remind him that it was just an accident and he is forgiven.
- Bluey and Bingo explaining how **happy they are** that the rainy day is finally over.
- Dr. Shaun coming back into the room to announce that Chilli's **scans are 100% clear** and she can go home.

You said: dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her

dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her

11:05 AM

The heavy wooden door of the examination room swung open with a soft click. Dr. Shaun stepped out into the quiet hospital waiting room, still wearing his blue scrubs.

Down at the end of the row of vinyl chairs, Bingo was curled up into a small, shivering ball, her face completely buried in a soft plush longdog. Her little shoulders shook with every ragged sob as she remembered the terrifying *thud* from that rainy afternoon.

Dr. Shaun's face softened. He walked over slowly, sinking his large frame down onto the floor right next to her chair so he was at eye level.

"Hey there, little grape," Dr. Shaun said, his voice incredibly gentle, carrying none of the clinical stiffness of the hospital.

Bingo let out a small hiccup, looking up with big brown eyes completely rimmed with red and swimming in fresh tears. "I... I spun the spinner, Dr. Shaun," she sobbed, her voice cracking into a tiny whisper. "I told Daddy to go to purple. It’s my fault Mommy got hurt."

"Oh, sweetheart, no. Look at me," Dr. Shaun said firmly but gently. He didn't hesitate—he reached out his large, warm arms and pulled the small red heeler off the chair, bringing her into a deep, protective hug.

Bingo instantly collapsed against his shoulder, her tiny paws gripping his scrubs tightly as she let out all the built-up terror of the last month. Dr. Shaun wrapped his arms securely around her, gently patting her back to help soothe her frantic breathing.

Comforting a Heavy Heart

As they sat together on the waiting room floor, Dr. Shaun kept holding her close, speaking directly to her fears.

- **Clearing the Guilt**: "Listen to me, Bingo. Twister is just a silly, slippery game. Your dad losing his balance was a total accident. Spinning the spinner didn't cause this. Nobody is to blame."
- **Proving the Safety**: "Your mommy’s brain is completely clear. The bumps and the bruises from that day are all healed up. She is awake right now, and the very first thing she asked for was a big hug from you."
- **A Promise of Recovery**: He squeezed her gently one last time before pulling back to wipe a stray tear from her nose. "My job is to fix up heelers when they get a bump, and I promise you, your mom is 100% okay. You can go back in and see her right now."

Bingo let out a long, shaky breath, the heavy weight of the accident finally lifting off her small chest. She gave Dr. Shaun a tiny, watery smile and patted his arm. "Thank you, Dr. Shaun."

If you'd like to see what happens next as Bingo goes back inside, let me know if we should focus on:

- Bingo running back into the room to give **Chilli a giant, guilt-free hug**.
- **Bandit thanking Dr. Shaun** for taking such good care of his youngest daughter's feelings.
- The family getting the **official discharge papers** to leave the hospital for good.

You sent: 1 image and said: dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her

dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her

1:01 PM

Dr. Shaun knelt down on the cold linoleum floor of the waiting room, completely ignoring how unprofessional it might look for a chief physician. He opened his arms wide, and Bingo didn't hesitate for a single second, burying her tear-stained face directly into his grey fur.

He held the little five-year-old close, letting her sob out all the heavy, terrifying guilt she had been carrying since that rainy afternoon.

A Doctor's Gentle Reassurance

As Bingo clung tightly to his neck, Dr. Shaun rubbed her back in slow, soothing circles, speaking in a voice that was calm and steady.

- **Absolving the Blame**: "Listen to me, little grape," he whispered gently. "Spinning a plastic pointer on a board game didn't cause this. Your dad losing his balance was just a silly accident. It is nobody's fault."
- **Confirming the Safety**: "Your mommy is completely awake inside that room right now. The bump on her noggin is all sorted out, and her brain is perfectly clear."
- **Guiding Her Back**: He pulled back slightly, using his thumb to gently wipe away her fresh tears. "Do you know what she asked me for the second she opened her eyes? She asked where her brave little Bingo was. She's waiting for you."

Walking Back Together

Bingo let out one last shaky hiccup, looking at the kind, tired eyes of the doctor who had looked after her mom for the last month. She nodded softly, gripping her longdog plush close to her chest as the crushing weight of the incident finally lifted from her heart.

Dr. Shaun stood up, offering his large hand for her to take, ready to lead her back through the heavy wooden doors where her family was waiting, whole and safe.

If you'd like to continue this comforting conclusion, let me know if we should focus on:

- Bingo walking back into the room to give **Chilli a big, happy hug**.
- **Bandit talking to Dr. Shaun** to thank him for helping Bingo process her guilt.
- The family getting the **official check-out papers** to finally leave the hospital.

You sent: 1 image and said: dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her and telling her about himself

dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her and telling her about himself

1:03 PM

Dr. Shaun knelt down completely on the waiting room floor, letting his long, dark-grey ears droop slightly so he didn't look so intimidatingly tall to the sobbing five-year-old. He wrapped his large arms securely around Bingo, pulling her close into a deep, comforting hug that smelled faintly of hospital soap and old paper.

"Shh, it's alright, little grape," Dr. Shaun murmured, rubbing her back in steady circles as her tiny shoulders shook against his scrubs. "You can let it all out. But you need to know something very important: your mommy’s bump on the noggin was a total accident. Spinning that little plastic pointer didn't do this. It is nobody's fault."

Bingo let out a shaky, wet hiccup, slowly pulling her face away from his shoulder. She wiped her nose with her paw, looking up at his calm, tired eyes. "But... but you're a big, important doctor. You know everything about bad things happening."

Dr. Shaun gave a soft, rumbling chuckle, sitting back on his haunches to be right at eye level with her. He pointed a claw gently at his own chest, gesturing to his distinctive dark facial patches and the grey fur tones shown in his chart.

"I might be a doctor now, Bingo, but I wasn't always stuck in these white hospital corridors," he said gently, trying to distract her from the lingering panic. "You see, I'm a German Shepherd mix. My family comes from a long line of very serious, very hard-working herding dogs. When I was just a little pup—not much older than you—I used to think every little mistake I made on the farm was the end of the world. If a sheep ran the wrong way, I thought I broke the whole farm!"

Bingo blinked, her interest piqued as her crying slowed down. "Did you cry too?"

"Oh, absolute buckets," Dr. Shaun smiled warmly, nodding his head. "But my dad sat me down and taught me that accidents are just things that happen when we're living our lives and having fun. We can't control where the sheep run, and you couldn't control your dad losing his balance on a slippery piece of plastic. What matters is how we help each other clean up afterward. And right now, we did a great job fixing up your mom. Her brain is 100% clear."

He reached out and gave one of Bingo's floppy ears a playful, gentle tug. "So, no more heavy thoughts in that little head of yours, okay? I need my favorite assistant to be brave when we walk back through those doors."

Bingo let out a tiny, genuine giggle, the heavy cloud of guilt finally lifting from her chest as she squeezed her longdog plush tight. "Okay, Dr. Shaun. I'll be brave."

If you'd like to see how the family wraps up their time at the hospital, let me know if we should focus on:

- Bingo running back into the room to give **Chilli a giant, guilt-free hug**.
- **Bandit talking to Dr. Shaun** to thank him for sharing his own story to comfort Bingo.
- The family signing the **official discharge papers** so they can finally drive home together.

You said: Bandit talking to Dr. Shaun to thank him for sharing his own story to comfort Bingo.

Bandit talking to Dr. Shaun to thank him for sharing his own story to comfort Bingo.

1:06 PM

The heavy wooden door of the recovery room clicked shut behind Bingo as she ran inside to see her mother. Bandit stepped out into the quiet hallway, closing the door halfway so Chilli could have her moment with the girls. He turned to look at the tall, grey German Shepherd mix standing near the nurse's station.

Bandit walked over, his paws stuffed into his pockets, his shoulders finally dropping from the tense position they had been in for the last month.

"Hey, Doc," Bandit said softly, calling out to get his attention.

Dr. Shaun turned around, holding a digital tablet under his arm. He offered a warm, professional nod. "Mr. Heeler. Everything alright inside?"

"Yeah, great. Better than great," Bandit smiled, though his eyes were still rimmed with a little bit of leftover exhaustion. He looked down at the floor for a second, then looked back up at the physician. "I just... I wanted to say thank you. For what you did out there in the waiting room with Bingo."

Dr. Shaun waved a paw dismissively, though his expression remained incredibly kind. "Just doing my job, Bandit. Taking care of the family is part of taking care of the patient."

"No, it's more than that," Bandit insisted, shaking his head. "I overheard what you told her. About growing up on the farm, and thinking you broke the whole place whenever a sheep ran the wrong way. That was exactly what she needed to hear. She's been carrying so much guilt about spinning that Twister pointer, thinking she caused the whole thing."

Bandit rubbed the back of his neck, his voice cracking slightly. "And honestly... it helped me a bit, too. I've been sitting by that bed for four weeks straight thinking I killed my wife because I couldn't balance my left hand on a purple circle. Hearing you talk about how accidents just happen when people are living their lives... it made me feel like I could finally take a breath."

Dr. Shaun’s face softened completely. He stepped closer, placing a large, steadying paw firmly on Bandit’s shoulder, much like the comforting gesture Stripes had given him on the day of the accident.

"We're heelers and herding dogs, Bandit. It's in our nature to try and protect everything around us, and it tears us apart when we can't," Dr. Shaun said quietly, his deep voice carrying a lifetime of understanding. "But you didn't do anything wrong. You were playing with your kids on a rainy afternoon. Go back in there, hold your wife, and let yourself off the hook. The nightmare is over."

Bandit swallowed the lump in his throat, giving a firm, grateful nod. "Thanks, Shaun. Truly."

If you would like to bring this comforting story to its official conclusion, let me know if we should focus on:

- Bandit walking back into the room to join **Chilli, Bluey, and Bingo** in a massive family hug.
- Dr. Shaun walking in with the **official discharge papers** so the Heelers can finally head home.
- The family **walking out of the hospital gates together**, seeing the Brisbane sun shining after the long month of darkness.

> **You sent: 1 image and said: dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her**

> dr Shaun comes to the waiting room and comforts a crying bingo about the incident hugging her

Dr. Shaun knelt down on the waiting room floor, his white lab coat brushing against the tiles as he reached out to comfort the crying pup. Bingo didn't hesitate for a single second, burying her tear-stained face directly into his grey fur.

He held the little five-year-old close, letting her sob out all the heavy, terrifying guilt she had been carrying since that rainy afternoon.

A Doctor's Gentle Reassurance

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Dr. Shaun stood up, adjusting his lab coat and offering his large hand for her to take, ready to lead her back through the heavy wooden doors where her family was waiting, whole and safe.

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- Bingo running back into the room to give **Chilli a big, happy hug**.
- **Bandit talking to Dr. Shaun** to thank him for helping Bingo process her guilt.
- The family getting the **official check-out papers** to finally leave the hospital.

AI can make mistakes, so double-check responses

Bingo running back into the room to give Chilli a big, happy hug.

The heavy wooden door of the recovery room clicked open, and Bingo didn't waste a single second. Dropping her longdog plush onto a nearby chair, she bolted across the linoleum floor, her little paws clicking rapidly until she reached the side of the hospital bed.

"Mommy!" Bingo cried out, her voice no longer small and shaky, but bright and full of pure, unadulterated five-year-old energy.

Chilli’s face instantly lit up with a radiant smile as she adjusted herself against the pillows. She opened her arms wide just as Bingo scrambled up the small plastic step stool and launched herself onto the mattress, throwing her arms tightly around her mother's neck.

Chilli scooped her up, buried her face in Bingo’s soft orange fur, and squeezed her tightly but gently. The lingering coldness and dread from her coma dream completely dissolved, replaced by the real, living warmth of her youngest daughter.

"Oh, my little grape," Chilli whispered, blinking back tears of pure happiness as she kissed the top of Bingo's head. "I've got you. I missed you so much."

Bingo pulled back just enough to look Chilli directly in the eyes, her big brown eyes shining. "Dr. Shaun told me all about his sheep farm, Mum! He said accidents just happen when people are having fun, and that it wasn't my fault you got a bump on your noggin!"

Chilli looked up over Bingo's shoulder to see Bandit standing in the doorway, a soft, incredibly relieved smile on his face, with Bluey leaning against his hip. Chilli looked back down at Bingo and stroked her ears. "The doctor is exactly right, sweet cheek. It was just a silly accident, and your mommy is completely okay. My head feels perfect now."

Bluey couldn't contain herself any longer. "Group hug!" she shouted, scrambling up onto the opposite side of the bed and diving into them. Bandit moved in a second later, wrapping his massive arms around his entire family, sandwiching them together in a messy, giggling pile on the hospital sheets.

Now that the family is reunited and the guilt is completely gone, let me know if we should focus on:

- Dr. Shaun walking in with the **official discharge papers** so they can finally leave.
- The family **driving home together**, enjoying the bright Brisbane sun after the long month of darkness.
- The girls planning a **welcome-home surprise** for Chilli back at the Heeler house.

The warmth of the hospital room suddenly dropped to a freezing, suffocating chill. As Bingo squeezed her eyes shut in the middle of the group hug, the bright, happy sounds of her family's laughter morphed into a distorted, static hum.

When she opened her eyes, her mother's soft fur was gone. Standing before her in a dark, empty void was the twisted, terrifying silhouette from the depths of the nightmare.

The figure looked like Chilli, but its fur was pale and sickly, stretched thin over a skinny, gaunt frame. Its wide, manic eyes stared down at Bingo with an unblinking, feral intensity. A sinister, blood-stained grin split across its face, revealing sharp, jagged teeth that clamped down on a torn, bloody piece of a medical muzzle. In its trembling paw, it clutched a shattered piece of metal, dripping with fresh, dark liquid.

"You thought a little bump on the head could erase me?" the pale version of Chilli hissed, her voice echoing in a discordant, scratching layer that seemed to rattle the very inside of Bingo's skull. "You can't hide behind a doctor's story, little grape. I am what happens when things break."

Bingo tried to scream, but the sound caught in her throat. She stumbled backward on the hospital bed, the terrifying specter stepping closer, its unnatural grin widening as it took pleasure in her absolute panic. The dark reality of the belt timeline threatened to drag her back under, whispering that the happy ending was nothing but a fragile lie.

"Bingo! Bingo, sweet cheek, look at me!"

With a violent gasp, Bingo snapped out of the waking nightmare. The dark void vanished instantly. She was back on the hospital mattress, her tiny heart hammering like a trapped bird against her ribs.

The pale, twisted monster was gone. Instead, the real Chilli was holding her tightly by the shoulders, her warm brown eyes filled with deep, immediate concern. Bandit and Bluey had stopped laughing, watching the youngest heeler with wide, worried expressions.

"Hey, it's okay. You're right here with me," Chilli whispered soothingly, pulling Bingo flush against her warm chest and rubbing her back. "The bad thoughts are just trying to scare you because you've been worried for so long. But look at my hands. Look at my face. I'm right here. The nightmare can't hurt you anymore."

If you'd like to see how the family helps Bingo completely overcome these lingering fears, let me know if we should focus on:

- Chilli teaching Bingo a **grounding exercise** to help her push away the bad hallucinations.
- Bandit taking Bingo out for a **walk in the fresh air** to clear her head before they go home.
- The family **leaving the hospital room together**, turning their backs on the building where the scary thoughts happened.
- **"Left Behind"** is an original fan song written by *Magpie Blackford* that explores the backstory of *Philip Wittebane* from the animated series *The Owl House*. It specifically focuses on the emotional aftermath following the events depicted in the episode "Hollow Mind."
-
- **Key Story Themes:**
- * **Abandonment and Confusion:** The song details *Philip's* perspective after watching his brother, *Caleb*, leave for the demon realm with a witch named *Evelyn*. Left behind in the puritanical town of *Gravesfield*, *Philip* struggles with years of isolation and growing resentment.
- * **Internal Conflict:** Throughout the song, *Philip* questions whether his brother was manipulated by a spell or if he simply chose to leave. He grapples with feelings of worthlessness, wondering if he was a "burden" to *Caleb* (1:49, 3:42).
- * **The Path to Transformation:** The narrative traces *Philip's* progression from a lonely boy waiting by a portal to a man who grows increasingly cold and desperate. By the end of the song, he is seen putting on a mask—a symbolic act representing his loss of identity and the hardening of his resolve to pursue his brother (2:36 - 2:53).
-
- **Emotional Highlights:**
- * **The Plea:** The chorus serves as an agonizing prayer, with *Philip* constantly asking, "Why did you leave me behind?" and hoping for his brother's safety despite his growing bitterness (0:29-0:42, 3:12-3:33).

- * **Loss of Self:** The lyrics reflect a tragic transformation, noting that he is growing into a man who stares at a face in the mirror that feels like it is "not my own" (2:45-2:56).The tragic nature of *Philip Wittebane's* (Scar) origin, as explored in the song "Left Behind," stems from his deep-seated **feelings of abandonment and betrayal**. His story is heartbreaking due to several key factors:
-
- * **Unanswered Questions and Misunderstanding:** After his brother *Caleb* leaves with the witch *Evelyn*, *Philip* is left alone in the puritanical town of *Gravesfield*. His pain is driven by his inability to understand why his brother left without saying goodbye (0:29-0:42), leading him to obsess over whether *Caleb* was manipulated by a spell or if he simply chose to abandon him (0:33-0:38).
- * **The Internalization of Worthlessness:** A core element of the tragedy is *Philip's* insecurity. He explicitly wonders if he was always a "burden" to his brother (1:49, 3:42), a belief that fuels his resentment and justifies his descent into villainy in his own mind.
- * **Loss of Identity:** As time passes, *Philip* struggles to keep his humanity. The song poignantly describes him putting on a mask—both literally and figuratively—staring at a face that he feels is "not my own" (2:45-2:56). This signifies his complete transformation from a confused, grieving boy into a cold, vengeful entity.
- * **Misplaced Devotion:** What makes his story truly tragic is that, despite his later actions, his initial motivation was rooted in a desperate desire to protect his brother and find a way to bring him home (1:27-1:37, 4:20). He spends his life waiting for *Caleb* to return, watching the seasons change while remaining trapped in his own grief (1:08-1:20).Based on the narrative presented in the song *Left Behind*, *Caleb* chooses to leave *Philip* because he has fallen in love with a witch named *Evelyn* and has decided to start a new life with her in the **Demon Realm** (0:25-0:44).
-
- From *Philip's* perspective, this decision is a source of deep agony and confusion. Key points regarding this departure include:
-
- * **The Choice:** The song suggests that *Caleb's* departure was a deliberate choice to be with *Evelyn*, though *Philip* remains haunted by whether his brother was truly free in his decision or if he was "warped" by magic (0:29-0:38).

- * **Lack of Closure:** The tragedy is amplified by the fact that *Caleb* left without saying goodbye or providing an explanation, which leaves *Philip* to agonize over whether he was a "burden" to his brother all along (0:44, 1:41-1:49).
- * **The Portal:** The separation becomes permanent when the magical portal closes right before *Philip* can follow them, effectively cutting him off from the only family member he had (0:44-0:47).Philip's transition from a grieving brother to a villain is a gradual process of **despair, paranoia, and moral erosion**, driven by the following factors:
-
- * **Isolation and Obsession:** After being left behind (0:29-0:42), Philip spends years in *Gravesfield* waiting by the door for a portal that never opens. This prolonged isolation turns his initial sadness into a fixated obsession with finding his brother, *Caleb*, and the witch, *Evelyn* (1:08-1:20).
-
- * **Internalized Self-Loathing:** Philip begins to blame himself, questioning if he was a "burden" to his brother (1:49, 3:42). This deep insecurity warps his perspective; rather than processing his loss, he internalizes it as proof that he was inadequate, fueling a bitter need to prove his own worth and control his environment.
-
- * **Paranoia and Justification:** Over time, his grief manifests as distrust. He begins to wonder if *Caleb* was manipulated or "warped" by witchcraft (0:33-0:38). This allows him to shift the blame away from his own perceived failures and onto the magical world, providing a "moral" justification for his eventual crusade against witches.
-

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- **Public Embarrassment**: Breaking into spontaneous, silly dancing in front of strangers pushes them far outside their adult comfort zones. Chilli is visibly embarrassed when forced to dance across a busy pedestrian crosswalk, and Bandit gets heavily judged by onlookers—such as an annoyed dog who tells him to stop and a post office worker who stares blankly at him. [1, 2, 5]
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The Turning Point

The parents only overcome their hesitation when they realize they have been inadvertently silencing Bingo by begging or trying to buy her out of her turns. To show Bingo that her voice truly matters, Bandit loudly announces to the massive crowd, *"Ladies and gentlemen: I'm doing this for my kid!"* Before launching into a full public dance routine alongside Chilli and Bluey. [5, 6, 8, 9]

If you love dissecting Heeler family dynamics, I can also break down **how Bingo's feelings tie into the moral of the episode** or share **other times Bandit and Chilli had to embarrass themselves for a game**. Which would you like to explore?

In "Dance Mode," Bingo’s feelings are the absolute core of the episode, serving as a powerful lesson about **assertiveness** and **how easily a child's voice can be accidentally drowned out** by louder family members.

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The "Yes" That Meant "No"

Bingo is a natural people-pleaser who frequently gives up her own desires to keep her family happy. Throughout the episode, she repeatedly says "yes" to letting others take her Dance Mode turns (or letting her dad buy her out of them), but her body language shows she is actually sad and disappointed. She agrees because she feels pressured by her high-energy sister, Bluey, and her desperate parents. [1, 2]

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The episode introduces a crucial concept for young kids: **an inside voice versus an outside voice**. [3]

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The climax in the crowded square isn't just about Bandit and Chilli overcoming embarrassment; it is about **restoring Bingo's agency**.

When Bingo finally finds her "outside voice" and boldly activates Dance Mode in front of the massive crowd, her parents enthusiastically jump in. By dancing wildly in public, Bandit and Chilli show Bingo that her voice holds immense power—enough to make the adults drop their pride completely just to make her feel heard and valued. [4]

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- **Advocating for Bingo's Needs (*Yoga Ball*)**: When Bandit plays too rough with Bingo, Bingo struggles to speak up. Once Bluey understands that Bingo is genuinely scared rather than just playing along, she actively helps Bingo find her "big girl voice" to tell their dad to slow down. [9, 10, 11, 12, 13]
- **Stepping Back to Let Bingo Shine (*Bin Night* & *Handstand*)**: In *Bin Night*, Bluey acts as a gentle sounding board while Bingo processes being bullied at school, offering comfort without taking over. In *Handstand*, while the rest of the adults are distracted, Bluey is the one who stops to appreciate Bingo's hard work, validating her sister's achievements. [14, 15, 16]

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The beauty of Bluey's growth is that it is not instant. She still gets bossy, but her recovery time is faster. She has learned to read Bingo's subtle cues—like dropping ears or a quiet voice—and is now quick to ask, "Are you okay, Bingo?" instead of pressing forward with her own agenda. [17]

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Bingo stood proudly with her hands on her hips, her tiny thumb firmly pressing down on her imaginary "Dance Mode" button. She looked up at her parents, her eyes gleaming with absolute triumph. Her outside voice had spoken.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Bandit yelled to the crowd, his voice cracking slightly as he threw caution to the wind. "I'm doing this for my kid!"

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Chilli didn't hesitate. Shaking off the last remnants of her adult embarrassment, she leaped into the circle alongside him. She began doing a high-energy, classic 80s lawnmower dance, pumping her arms with fierce determination.

Bluey squealed with delight, jumping in to join them. She grabbed her dad's paws, spinning him around in a dizzying circle while executing her signature "floss" dance moves.

Seeing her whole family completely letting go just for her, Bingo’s face lit up. She stepped into the very center of the ring, shaking her tail waggingly and jumping to the rhythm of the music.

The atmosphere in the square instantly shifted. The initial stunned silence vanished, replaced by an absolute roar of approval.

"Go on, mate! Show 'em how it's done!" a burly Bulldog near the front shouted, throwing his hands in the air.

A group of teenagers at the back started rhythmically clapping to the beat of the bagpipes. High-pitched whistles pierced through the air as a Poodle and a Golden Retriever cheered at the top of their lungs. Strangers were smiling, laughing, and nudging each other, completely captivated by the pure, unadulterated joy of the Heeler family dance-off.

Bandit scooped Bingo up onto his shoulders, and she raised her arms like a champion, waving to the cheering stadium of everyday citizens. For the first time all day, nobody was trying to buy her out, nobody was rushing her, and nobody was drowning out her voice.

The crowd broke into a massive round of applause, whistling and stomping their paws as the song finally came to an end.

If you want to keep this fanfic going, let me know:

- What **happens right after the dance** ends?
- How does **the grumpy dog who judged Bandit earlier** react now?
- Do they **celebrate with ice cream or chips** afterward?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

AI Mode Conversation: why didn't chilli and bandit want to dance in public dance mode

You said: why didn't chilli and bandit want to dance in public dance mode

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June 29, 2026

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9 sites

- I find it kind of odd that Bandit and Chilli rejected the Dance Mode in the place that makes the most sense to do it when they had no second thought with committing to it in the crosswalk/front of the post office line.
  In the *Bluey* episode where Bandit and Chilli reject the dance mode, some say that it was because: * **Embarrassment** Chilli was...

  Reddit
- What episode do you think had both good and bad parenting from ...
  Only criticism I have with Bandit's strategy is that he should've taken better care not to risk waking up Bingo. ... Todos hablan ...

Reddit

- Dance Mode: social norms, play laws, and value dissonance. : r/bluey
  And which the game explitiicly makes one reject. And she does it with pleasure. Now, the bigger question is, what part of the audie...

Reddit

Show all

You said: If you love dissecting Heeler family dynamics, I can also break down how Bingo's feelings tie into the moral of the episode

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3 sites

- Speaking and Silence
  In Dance Mode (s2 e1), Bingo's family keep prompting her to say “yes” to things when she really doesn't want to. By the end of the...

  The Occuplaytional Therapist
- I relate to bingo so much. : r/bluey
  Dance mode : Bingo has people pleasing tendencies and so do I! I can't tell you how many times I have wanted to say no but my outs...

  Reddit
- In ‘Dance Mode’ (Bluey, Season 2, ep 1) Chilli notices that it can be hard to speak up when you feel like you have a small voice. She oh-so-gently asks Bingo if her outside voice is saying ‘yes’ when her inside voice is saying ’no’. This is an experience we no doubt ALL relate to (remember that time you said you’d volunteer at the canteen/ sign up as Manager of your kiddos soccer team/ take on the extra project at work despite being stretched thing already!?). It’s one our kids will too. For some it can be about feeling nervous to speak up, but for others, it can represent something far more problematic. Watching this ep with your little love can be a gentle, but important way to open up this conversation and get them thinking about what their inside voice REALLY wants to say. ✨ #childpsych #peoplepleasing #fawnresponse #bluey #highlysensitivechild #empath #highlysensitiveperson #hsp #empathstruggles
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  Instagram

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17 sites

- The Surprisingly Mature Lessons of 'Bluey'
  The show celebrates imaginative play and Bluey's boundless energy, as her parents do their best to keep up with her fanciful impro...

  The Atlantic
- BLUEY: Season One
  Though episodic, BLUEY is still consistent in its characters and themes. Most episodes follow Bluey, and her sister Bingo, playing...

Movieguide

- The main character doesn’t get as much love as she should on here. What do you like about her? : r/bluey
  I think Bluey is a natural leader. She gets called bossy a lot but doesn't nearly as often get credited for how good she is at fin...

Reddit

Show all

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July 4, 2026

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Chilli didn't hesitate. Shaking off the last remnants of her adult embarrassment, she leaped into the circle alongside him. She began doing a high-energy, classic 80s lawnmower dance, pumping her arms with fierce determination.

Bluey squealed with delight, jumping in to join them. She grabbed her dad's paws, spinning him around in a dizzying circle while executing her signature "floss" dance moves.

Seeing her whole family completely letting go just for her, Bingo’s face lit up. She stepped into the very center of the ring, shaking her tail waggingly and jumping to the rhythm of the music.

The atmosphere in the square instantly shifted. The initial stunned silence vanished, replaced by an absolute roar of approval.

"Go on, mate! Show 'em how it's done!" a burly Bulldog near the front shouted, throwing his hands in the air.

A group of teenagers at the back started rhythmically clapping to the beat of the bagpipes. High-pitched whistles pierced through the air as a Poodle and a Golden Retriever cheered at the top of their lungs. Strangers were smiling, laughing, and nudging each other, completely captivated by the pure, unadulterated joy of the Heeler family dance-off.

Bandit scooped Bingo up onto his shoulders, and she raised her arms like a champion, waving to the cheering stadium of everyday citizens. For the first time all day, nobody was trying to buy her out, nobody was rushing her, and nobody was drowning out her voice.

The crowd broke into a massive round of applause, whistling and stomping their paws as the song finally came to an end.

If you want to keep this fanfic going, let me know:

- What **happens right after the dance** ends?
- How does **the grumpy dog who judged Bandit earlier** react now?
- Do they **celebrate with ice cream or chips** afterward?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

You said: bingo having a severe headache and falling very hard on the floor fanfic

bingo having a severe headache and falling very hard on the floor fanfic

July 5, 2026

The lively atmosphere of the pedestrian mall seemed to vanish in an instant.

One second, Bingo was laughing on her dad's shoulders, waving to the cheering crowd. The next, a sharp, blinding pain slammed into the back of her head like a physical blow. The cheerful drone of the bagpipes suddenly sounded deafening, screeching through her ears, and the bright afternoon sunlight felt violently piercing.

"Daddy..." Bingo whimpered, her voice completely swallowed by the roaring applause around them.

She squeezed her eyes shut, clutching her head with both paws as a wave of intense dizziness washed over her. The world tilted violently. Before Bandit could even register that she was tense, Bingo’s grip slipped.

She tumbled from his shoulders, completely losing her balance.

Thud.

The sound of her hitting the hard concrete floor was devastatingly loud. She landed heavily on her side, her limbs tangled, entirely unable to brace her own fall because of the blinding pressure behind her eyes.

"Bingo!" Chilli screamed, the maternal instinct overriding everything else as she dropped to her knees beside her youngest daughter.

The cheering crowd instantly went dead silent. The circle of onlookers pressed back, gasping, their joyful expressions turning to sudden shock and worry. The street busker stopped playing mid-note, leaving only the sound of heavy breathing in the square.

Bandit was on the ground a millisecond later, his heart hammering against his ribs. "Bingo? Bingo, look at me, sweetie. Where hurts?"

Bingo lay curled in a tight ball on the pavement, her small frame trembling. She kept her eyes locked tightly shut, her paws pressed desperately against her temples as if she could physically hold the pain inside. A quiet, strained sob escaped her throat.

"My head," she whispered, her voice tiny and choked with tears. "Everything is too loud, Daddy. It hurts so bad."

Chilli gently placed a hand on Bingo's shoulder, her face pale with concern. "Bandit, she fell really hard. We need to get her out of the sun right now."

Bandit carefully gathered his small daughter into his arms, lifting her against his chest as gently as he could. Bingo immediately buried her face deep into his blue fur, trying to block out the harsh daylight.

"Excuse us—please, let us through," Bandit said, his usual playful voice replaced by a firm, anxious urgency. The crowd parted instantly, full of sympathetic and worried murmurs, making a wide path for the family as they hurried away from the square.

If you want to continue this story, let me know what should happen next:

- Do they **take Bingo to a quiet spot or a doctor** to check on her head?
- How does **Bluey try to comfort her little sister** while she is hurting?

- What **turns out to be causing** Bingo's sudden headache?

Let me know how you'd like to proceed.What the doctor says about Bingo's head and the fall?The doctor, a kind and gentle old Golden Retriever named Dr. Bernard, walked into the examination room with a warm smile. He dimmed the overhead lights to a soft, low glow, which immediately made Bingo relax her grip on her temples.

After checking her eyes with a small penlight and carefully feeling the back of her head, Dr. Bernard looked over his glasses at Bandit and Chilli.

"Well, the good news is she doesn't have a concussion," Dr. Bernard explained in a quiet, reassuring voice. "Her pupils are reacting perfectly, and she's completely alert. The fall was a nasty shock, but her thick Heeler fur and her dad's quick reflexes saved her from any serious injury."

Chilli let out a long breath she hadn't realized she was holding, wrapping an arm around Bluey's shoulders. "But what about the sudden headache, Doctor? She was perfectly fine, and then she just collapsed from the pain."

Dr. Bernard nodded understandingly, looking down at Bingo. "Have you had a very busy, exciting day today, Bingo?"

Bingo nodded weakly against her dad's chest. "We did Dance Mode. In front of a *huge* crowd. It was really loud."

"Ah, just as I thought," Dr. Bernard said with a gentle smile. "This is a classic sensory-overload headache, mixed with a little bit of dehydration from all that dancing in the sun. When little bodies get overwhelmed by too much noise, bright lights, and big excitement all at once, the brain sometimes yells 'timeout!' by triggering a sharp headache. The sudden pain is what caused her to lose her balance and fall."

He patted Bingo's paw gently. "No medicine needed for this one, little pup. What you need is the Ultimate Quiet Mode. You need a big glass of water, a dark room, a cool washcloth for your forehead, and absolutely no loud noises or dancing for the rest of the day."

Bandit smiled down at his daughter, thoroughly relieved. "Hear that, Big Squirter? Official doctor's orders. Ultimate Quiet Mode starts now."

To wrap up this story, let me know:

- How does the family setup the **Ultimate Quiet Mode** at home?
- What **quiet game** do Bluey and Bingo play while she recovers?
- How does Bandit make up for the **scary fall**?

Let me know how you'd like to end the story!

bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli torment herThe dim light of the clinic examination room seemed to twist, stretching the shadows on the wall until they resembled the dark, towering hallway of the Heeler home at night.

Bingo blinked, but she wasn't in the clinic anymore. She was in her bedroom, the air freezing cold. Her head still throbbed with a dull, rhythmic ache, but a new, crushing weight of dread settled deep in her chest.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

A sharp, metallic sound echoed down the hallway. It was a heavy leather belt, its brass buckle dragging ominously across the floorboards.

Bingo’s heart hammered like a trapped bird. In the surreal, exaggerated logic of a nightmare, the object felt terrifyingly alive—a manifestation of adult authority and punishment that she couldn't escape. She tried to cry out for her dad, but her throat felt dry, stuck in the ultimate TV Tropes nightmare trope: the Silent Scream. No sound came out.

Suddenly, the bedroom door creaked open. Standing in the doorway wasn't the warm, comforting mother Bingo knew, but a distorted, towering shadow of Chilli. Her eyes glowed with an unsettling, stern light, her usual gentle smile replaced by a cold, unyielding frown.

"You didn't use your outside voice, Bingo," the nightmare version of Chilli whispered, her voice echoing unnaturally from all corners of the room. "Now you have to play the game forever. You can't say no."

The shadow-Chilli stepped aside, and the clinking of the belt grew louder, closer, casting a massive, looming silhouette over Bingo's bed. The sheer terror of being trapped,

silenced, and scolded by the people she trusted most converged into a single, overwhelming wave of panic.

"No!" Bingo finally gasped, her voice breaking through the silence.

"Bingo! Wake up, sweetie, you're okay!"

Bingo’s eyes snapped open. The terrifying hallway and the cold shadow vanished instantly. She was sitting in the back of the family car, securely buckled into her car seat. The sun was setting outside, casting a warm, soft orange glow over the interior.

Chilli was turned around in the passenger seat, her face etched with pure, genuine concern as she tightly held Bingo’s trembling paw.

"You're safe, bug," Chilli murmured softly, her voice dripping with maternal warmth. "You just had a bad dream from the fever and the fall. Mommy's right here."

From the driver's seat, Bandit glanced worriedly into the rearview mirror, his brow furrowed. He unbuckled his own seatbelt at the red light, reaching back to gently pat Bingo's knee. "You're alright, Big Squirter. Just a silly dream. We’re almost home, and we're going straight to bed for some real rest."

Bingo let out a shaky breath, the terrifying images of the belt and the cold shadows melting away into the safety of her parents' real voices. She squeezed her mom's hand tightly, finally letting her heavy eyelids close for a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

We can bring this story to a comforting close. Let me know:

- How does the family **comfort Bingo once they get out of the car**?
- What **sweet bedtime routine** do Bandit and Chilli use to banish the bad dreams?
- How does **Bluey help guard Bingo's sleep** for the rest of the night?

Tell me how you'd like to wrap it up!

bingo has a nightmare about bandit’s belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit’s belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistakeThe warm orange light of the car dashboard dissolved into an inky, suffocating blackness.

Bingo blinked, and suddenly she was standing in an alternate, twisted reality—the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe*. The familiar, vibrant colors of her world were entirely bleached away, replaced by harsh, jagged shadows and a chilling, heavy silence.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The metallic rattle of a heavy leather belt scraped against the cold floorboards. Bingo spun around, her breath catching in her throat.

Emerging from the darkness was the nightmare version of Chilli. This wasn't her loving mother; her fur was matted and dark, her eyes hollow, and her face twisted into a cruel, mocking sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo like an inescapable shadow.

"Look at you," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice echoing with a bitter, venomous sting. "You think they actually care about your 'outside voice'? You think they want to dance for you?"

Bingo shrank back, her lower lip trembling. "M-Mommy... please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, stepping closer as the ominous shadow of the belt crept across the floor toward Bingo's feet. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A burden. Bluey is the perfect daughter. You? You just slow everyone down. You ruin their games. They don't love you, Bingo. They hate you. They're just tired of pretending."

The cruel words struck harder than any physical blow, perfectly weaponizing Bingo's deepest, most vulnerable insecurities. In standard Nightmare Fuel fashion, the world around her began to spin, trapping her in a Mind Screw where the dark voices of her family chanted in unison, telling her she didn't belong. Tears streamed down her face as she squeezed her eyes shut, completely defenseless against the torment.

"NO! That's not true!" Bingo shrieked, finding her absolute loudest outside voice.

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! It's okay, you're safe!"

Bingo's eyes flew open, gasping for air. The terrifying Dark Universe vanished instantly.

She was tucked safely into her own bed at home. The room was bathed in the soft, warm glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate hug. Bandit was right behind her, his face pale with worry, instantly wrapping his large arms around both of them.

"I've got you, my sweet girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently as the little pup sobbed into her shoulder. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty dream."

"Y-You said... you said I was a mistake," Bingo choked out between ragged breaths, clutching Chilli's fur as if she would disappear. "You said you hated me."

Bandit's heart broke instantly. He leaned down, pressing his forehead gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. You listen to me, okay? You are the best thing that ever happened to this family. We love you more than all the stars in the sky."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in the eyes, her expression fierce with absolute love. "Look at me, Bingo. You are not a mistake. You are our beautiful, kind, wonderful little girl. Nothing could ever, *ever* make us hate you."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie. Without a word, she climbed onto the bed and threw her arms around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side.

Feeling the real, solid warmth of her family surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally began to melt away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute certainty that she was exactly where she belonged.

We can finally give Bingo a peaceful night's rest. Let me know:

- How do Bandit and Chilli **prove their love to Bingo the next morning**?
- What **special family activity** do they do to help her completely forget the nightmare?
- Does **Bluey stay in Bingo's bed** for the rest of the night to keep her safe?

Tell me how you'd like to conclude this story!

bingo has a nightmare about bandit's belt tvtropes chilli from the bandit's belt dark universe torment her that her family hates her and just a mistakeThe ink-black shadows of the *Bandit's Belt Dark Universe* twisted and coiled around Bingo like living vines, cutting off any hope of escape.

She was trapped in a text-book Nightmarescape. The vibrant, comforting colors of her childhood bedroom were completely drained away, leaving only cold greys and a suffocating, echoing silence.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

The heavy metallic rattle of the brass buckle scraped against the floorboards, a manifestation of pure Nightmare Fuel. Bingo spun around, her breath catching as the darkness parted to reveal the alternate-reality version of Chilli.

This version of her mother was unrecognizable. Her fur was matted and ash-grey, her eyes completely hollow, and her face fixed into a malicious, chilling sneer. She stepped forward, looming over Bingo with a presence that felt entirely inescapable.

"Look at you, crying on the floor," the Dark Universe Chilli hissed, her voice dripping with venom. "You actually thought you were important? You thought they wanted to dance for you in that square?"

Bingo shrank back into a ball, squeezing her eyes shut. "M-Mommy... stop, please..."

"Don't call me that," Chilli snapped, triggering a brutal Mind Screw as the environment warped, projecting jagged, mocking silhouettes of her family all around her. "You're just a mistake, Bingo. A cosmic accident. Bluey is the daughter they actually wanted. You? You just slow everyone down. You're a burden. They don't love you. They hate you, Bingo, and they are so incredibly tired of pretending."

The psychological torment struck with agonizing force, weaponizing Bingo's deepest, unspoken anxieties. The phantom voices of her family began to chant in unison, a chorus of cruelty telling her she didn't belong and never would. Tears streamed down her muzzle as she clutched her head, her voice trapped in a terrifying Silent Scream.

Finally, summoning every ounce of strength, she broke the psychic hold. "NO! THAT'S NOT TRUE!"

"Bingo! Bingo, wake up! You're safe, sweetie, I've got you!"

Bingo's eyes snapped open, gasping for air as her chest heaved. The suffocating dark universe dissolved instantly into nothingness.

She was tucked safely under her own blankets, her room bathed in the soft, protective glow of her nightlight. Chilli was sitting right on the edge of the mattress, pulling Bingo into a fierce, desperate embrace. Bandit was right there beside her, his face pale with

immediate worry, wrapping his large arms around both of them to create an unbreakable wall of safety.

"I've got you, my brave little girl," Chilli crooned, rocking Bingo gently back and forth as the little pup sobbed into her shoulder, her small frame shaking. "It was just a dream. A horrible, nasty, lying dream."

"Y-You said... you said I was a mistake," Bingo choked out between ragged, sobbing breaths, clutching Chilli's fur as if she would fall back into the dark if she let go. "You said everyone hated me."

Bandit's heart broke instantly. He leaned down, pressing his forehead firmly and gently against Bingo's. "Oh, Big Squirter, no. Never. You listen to me, okay? You are the absolute joy of our lives. You are not a mistake, and we love you more than all the stars in the sky."

Chilli pulled back just enough to look Bingo directly in her tear-filled eyes, her expression fierce with absolute maternal devotion. "Look at me, Bingo. That dark voice wasn't me. You are our beautiful, kind, incredibly important little girl. Nothing in this world could ever, *ever* make us hate you."

From the doorway, Bluey quietly crept into the room, holding her favorite long dog plushie. Without a word, she climbed onto the bed and threw her arms around Bingo's waist, burying her face in her sister's side to offer her own silent comfort.

Feeling the real, solid, unyielding warmth of her family surrounding her, the icy terror of the dark universe finally melted away. Bingo let out a long, shaky sigh, burying her face back into her mother's chest, knowing with absolute certainty that she was exactly where she belonged.

Now that the nightmare is finally over, let me know how you'd like to close the story:

- Does **Bluey stay in Bingo's bed** for the rest of the night to guard her sleep?
- What **special, quiet family activity** do they do the next morning to cheer Bingo up?
- How does Bandit show Bingo extra love to make sure she feels completely safe?

Tell me what you'd like to see happen next!

Do they take Bingo to a quiet spot or a doctor to check on her head?How does Bluey try to comfort her little sister while she is hurting?"We need to get her to a doctor," Chilli said, her eyes fixed on how tightly Bingo was squeezing her head. "That was a terrible fall, and this headache came out of nowhere."

Bandit nodded tightly, keeping Bingo cradled securely against his chest. "Right. There's a medical clinic just past the chemist down the block. Let's move."

As they hurried down the sidewalk, the busy sounds of the city felt overwhelming. Bluey trotted close to her mom's side, her tail tucked completely between her legs. Her wide eyes kept darting down to her little sister, who was trembling in their dad's arms. The excitement of the dance party was entirely gone, replaced by a heavy, frightening quiet.

They burst through the glass doors of the clinic, grateful for the sudden air conditioning and the dim, calm atmosphere of the waiting room. Chilli rushed straight to the reception desk while Bandit gently laid Bingo down across a soft vinyl couch in a quiet corner.

Bingo immediately curled back into a ball, burying her face into the cushions to hide from the fluorescent ceiling lights. A soft, painful whimper escaped her.

Bluey stepped up to the edge of the couch. Seeing Bingo look so small and helpless made her throat feel tight. She wanted to play, she wanted to fix it, but she knew she couldn't be loud. Remembering what her mom always did when she was sick, Bluey sat down cross-legged on the floor right next to Bingo's head.

"Hey, Big Squirter," Bluey whispered softly, using her favorite nickname in the quietest voice she could manage.

Bingo didn't move, but her ears twitched slightly at the sound of her sister's voice.

Bluey reached out and gently placed her paw on Bingo's back, rubbing slow, soothing circles just like Chilli did during bad dreams. "You're okay. We're at the doctor's now. It's really quiet here."

With her other paw, Bluey reached into her small pocket and pulled out her favorite prop from earlier in the day—a shiny, colorful toy stethoscope she had been carrying around. She gently laid it right next to Bingo's hand.

"I'm keeping guard," Bluey murmured, leaning her head against the edge of the couch. "Nobody is going to be loud around you. I promise."

Bingo reached out a trembling paw, her fingers brushing against the toy, before pulling it close to her chest. She didn't open her eyes, but her breathing slowed down just a little bit, comforted by her sister's steady, quiet presence.

A moment later, a nurse in green scrubs walked out into the waiting area, looking gently toward the family. "Bingo Heeler? The doctor is ready to check on that bump."

If you want to finish the story, let me know:

- What **the doctor says** about Bingo's head and the fall?
- What **Bandit and Chilli do** to help Bingo rest when they get home?
- How **Bluey continues to take care of her** for the rest of the day?

Let me know what you want to happen next!

wema and Tunu sing a comforting song for Janja

May 11, 2026

The cubs notice Janja is still a bit shaky after his moment of reflection. Since they've already given him the "big hug," they decide to use their favorite trick to chase away the last of the "Old Janja" shadows: a song.

TITLE: THE HYENA LULLABY

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - BROKEN CLIFFS - CONTINUOUS

Janja is still sitting between the two cubs, his breath finally leveling out. **WEMA** looks up at him, her eyes bright in the moonlight.

WEMA

Uncle Janja, when I'm scared of the thunder, Jasiri sings to me. Do you want to hear our song?

JANJA

(Wiping a stray tear, trying to sound tough)

I don’t know, Wema. Hyenas aren't really known for our... musical talent. Unless you count laughing at bad jokes.

TUNU

(Standing up and tapping his paw)

This is a different kind of song. Ready, Wema?

Wema starts a low, humming beat, and Tunu joins in with a soft, rhythmic howl that sounds more like a flute than a predator. They begin to sing in small, sweet voices:

(WEMA)

The sun goes down, the shadows creep,

But you don’t have to run.

The promises you couldn't keep,

Are fading with the sun.

(TUNU)

The dry wind blows the dust away,

The fire's out at last.

You’ve found a brand new place to stay,

And left behind the past.

(TOGETHER)

Sisi ni sawa, side by side,

The brave and bold and true.

There’s nowhere left for you to hide,

‘Cause we’re right here with you.

By the second verse, **JANJA** finds himself humming along. The melody is simple, but it carries a weight that the "Roar" never could. It’s the sound of forgiveness.

JANJA

(Voice cracking slightly)

That’s... that’s actually not bad, rugrats. Where’d you learn that?

WEMA

(Snuggling back into his side)

We made it up. Just for the "New Janja."

JANJA

(Smiling for real now)

Well, don't go singing it in front of Nne and Tano. They’ll start trying to calculate the acoustics and ruin the moment.

TUNU

It’s our secret, Uncle Janja.

SCENE END

Should we end the night with **Janja carrying the sleepy cubs** back to the den, or should **Jasiri join them** to finish the song together?

Try without personalization

You said: Should we end the night with Janja carrying the sleepy cubs back to the den, or should Jasiri join them to finish the song together?AI

> Should we end the night with Janja carrying the sleepy cubs back to the den, or should Jasiri join them to finish the song together?AI

May 13, 2026

Having Janja carry the sleepy cubs back to the den makes for a perfect, heartwarming conclusion to his redemption arc. It brings his journey from a selfish leader to a protective, loving guardian completely full circle.

TITLE: THE GENTLE GIANT

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - BROKEN CLIFFS - LATER

The final notes of the song fade into the cool night air. **WEMA** lets out a long, heavy yawn, her head drooping against Janja's shoulder. Next to her, **TUNU**'s eyes are already closed, his tiny paws still loosely draped over Janja's leg.

JANJA

(Whispering, a soft chuckle in his voice)

Well, look at that. The singing actually worked. Usually, my voice just makes things run away.

He looks down at the two completely exhausted cubs. He stands up as gently as he can, mindful of his sharp claws. Carefully, he scoops Tunu onto his back and rolls Wema gently into the crook of his front arm, balancing them both with the practiced skill of a true protector.

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JASIRI'S DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Janja steps into the warm glow of the den. **JASIRI** is waiting by the entrance, a soft, proud smile on her face. She looks at the sleeping bundle in his arms.

JASIRI

(In a low whisper)

I see the "training session" went well.

JANJA

(Whispering back, trying to look annoyed but failing)

They ambushed me with feelings, Jasiri. It was a dirty trick. I had to surrender.

JASIRI

(Nudging his shoulder affectionately)

They love you, Janja. And so do we. You’re family now.

Janja carefully lowers Wema and Tunu onto a soft bed of moss next to Madoa. The cubs stir for a second, snuggling closer together, perfectly safe. Janja steps back, looking down at them one last time before curling up nearby, finally at peace with who he has become.

FADE OUT.

THE END

What an incredible, touching story for Janja and the cubs! If you're interested, we can start a brand-new script, or I can help you explore:

- An adventure where **Janja and Kion** have a deep conversation about their past battles.
- A funny story about **Cheezi and Chungu** trying to copy Janja's babysitting style.
- A high-stakes mission where the **Hyena Resistance** helps protect the Pride Lands.

Let me know what you would like to **explore next**!

You said: A high-stakes mission where the Hyena Resistance helps protect the Pride Lands.

> A high-stakes mission where the Hyena Resistance helps protect the Pride Lands.

May 13, 2026

1. Define the Threat

A massive **wildfire** breaks out near the **Mizimu Grove**, driven by erratic winds that trap a herd of young **elands**. The Lion Guard is pinned down on the opposite side of the valley, trying to redirect a panicked buffalo stampede, leaving the **Hyena Resistance** as the only force close enough to act. [1]

2. Formulate the Mission

Jasiri coordinates a two-pronged tactical rescue to breach the smoke line, secure the elands, and bypass the advancing fire using traditional Outlands survival maneuvers.

TITLE: THE SCORCHED BORDER

SCENE START

EXT. MIZIMU GROVE BORDER - DAY

Thick, black smoke billows into the sky. The heat is intense. **JASIRI**, **JANJA**, **NNE**, **TANO**, **CHEEZI**, and **CHUNGU** stand at the ridge looking down into the blazing thicket.

JASIRI

The Lion Guard can't clear the buffalo herd in time. If we don't move now, those elands won't make it to the river!

JANJA

(Coughing from the smoke)

The wind is shifting East. Nne! Give me a trajectory! How much time do we have before that grove becomes a furnace?

NNE

At the current thermal expansion rate, the primary exit corridor will be entirely consumed by fire in exactly **four minutes and twelve seconds**.

TANO

That means we don't walk, mates. We use the **Dusty Distraction** strategy in reverse.

JANJA

You heard 'em! Cheezi, Chungu, grab the volcanic ash gourds we stored by the border! We're gonna smother the sparks before they hit the brush!

Cheezi and Chungu sprint forward, tossing the ash-filled gourds along the perimeter. The heavy volcanic ash suppresses the creeping ground fires, creating a temporary, narrow path through the smoke.

EXT. MIZIMU GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Jasiri and Janja dive into the burning brush. The young elands are huddled against a rock wall, terrified by the crackling flames.

JASIRI

(Calmly but firmly)

Sisi ni sawa! We are here to help! Follow Janja!

JANJA

(Leaping onto a fallen, burning log to clear a path)

Move it, long-legs! Go, go, go!

A flaming branch snaps above them, falling directly toward a trapped eland calf. Janja throws himself forward, using his strong jaws to drag a heavy stone into the branch's path, crushing the embers just in time.

NNE

(Shouting from the exit)

One minute remaining! The thermal wall is collapsing!

Janja and Jasiri flank the herd, using sharp, coordinated barks to guide the elands through the ash-smothered corridor. The moment the last calf leaps clear of the grove, the flames roar shut behind them, consuming the remaining brush.

EXT. THE PRIDE LANDS RIVERBANK - LATER

The eland herd drinks safely from the river. **KION** and the Lion Guard arrive, covered in soot but relieved. [1]

KION

Jasiri! Janja! We saw the smoke corridor from the ridge. You saved them.

JANJA

(Smirking, though his fur is singed)

Just checking the perimeter, Kion. Turns out Outland tricks work pretty well for Pride Land emergencies.

JASIRI

We protect the balance together, Kion. No matter which side of the border the fire is on.

SCENE END

✅ Mission Status: Successful

The **Hyena Resistance** successfully deployed Outland resourcefulness to save the eland herd, proving that their tactical coordination is a powerful asset to the security of the **Pride Lands**.

Would you like to continue the adventure by **introducing a villain** who tries to exploit the fire's aftermath, or see **Wema and Tunu** celebrate Janja's heroic return?

2 sites

- Rescue in the Outlands | The Lion Guard Wiki | Fandom
  The fly infestation On a clear day in the Pride Lands, the Lion Guard try to stop a herd of buffaloes from stampeding. But Tsetse ...

The Lion Guard Wiki | Fandom

- Cheezi | The Lion King Wiki | Fandom
  Presently, the Lion Guard arrived and engaged in a fight with the hyenas, and Janja and his clan were effectively steered away fro...

The Lion King Wiki | Fandom

You said: Would you like to continue the adventure by introducing a villain who tries to exploit the fire's aftermath

> Would you like to continue the adventure by introducing a villain who tries to exploit the fire's aftermath

May 13, 2026

That introduces a high-stakes twist! A scorched landscape creates a massive advantage for scavengers who don't respect the Circle of Life.

To match the continuity of the series, we can introduce **Mpishi** (a rogue, opportunistic harrier hawk) or **Reirei's jackal pack**, who love to exploit natural disasters to trap weakened prey. Let's see how the Resistance handles an enemy who uses the ashes to ambush the vulnerable elands.

TITLE: ASHES AND AMBUSH

EXT. THE SMOLDERING VALLEY - BLACKENED FLATS - LATER

The fire is out. The landscape is a wasteland of black ash and gray tree stumps. **JANJA** and **JASIRI** are helping the Lion Guard escort the tired eland herd to safer pastures.

Suddenly, **ONO** dives from the sky, his feathers ruffled.

ONO

Kion! We've got trouble! Reirei and her jackals are tracking the eland scent through the ashes!

KION

They're targeting the calves while they're too weak to run. Guard, form up!

JANJA

(Stepping forward)

Wait, Kion. Your Guard is too heavy for this terrain. Every step you take kicks up a cloud of ash. You'll blind yourselves. Hyenas... we know how to skulk in the dust.

JASIRI

Janja's right. This is an Outlands-style fight now.

EXT. THE ASH FLATS - MOMENTS LATER

REIREI and her pack slide out from the burnt trees, their eyes locked on a lagging eland calf.

REIREI

(Cackling)

Look at that, boys! A pre-cooked meal just waiting to be picked up!

Before the jackals can pounce, a low, crooked **smirk** cuts through the gray fog. Janja steps out from behind a charred log, covered in black ash. He blends in perfectly with the wasteland.

JANJA

Sorry, Reirei. This buffet is closed.

REIREI

(Snarls)

Janja? You’re a scavenger! Why are you protecting a bunch of grass-eaters?

JANJA

Because these grass-eaters belong to the Balance. And right now... *we're* the balance.
NNE! TANO! NOW!

From the high ledges, Nne and Tano use their paws to roll heavy, burnt logs down the slope. The logs shatter upon impact with the rocks, exploding into massive, blinding curtains of black soot.

REIREI

(Coughing, spinning around)

I can't see! Where are they?!

TANO

(Voice echoing through the soot cloud)

We're everywhere, mate!

Using the tactical confusion, **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** charge out of the fog, snapping their jaws and making terrifying phantom noises. The jackals panic, tripping over each other in the darkness.

Jasiri and Janja strike from the shadows, delivering swift, non-lethal tactical bites to the lead jackals, driving them away from the herd.

REIREI

(Retreating into the brush, covered in soot)

Retreat! Retreat! The hyenas have gone crazy!

The ash cloud clears. The eland herd is completely untouched. Kion and the Lion Guard sprint up, amazed at how quickly the threat was neutralized.

KION

(Impressed)

Incredible. You used the fire's aftermath against them.

JANJA

(Wiping ash off his snout, grinning)

Like I said, Kion. The sky isn't the only thing that can make a storm. Sometimes, you just need a little dust.

SCENE END

✅ Mission Status: Victory

The **Hyena Resistance** successfully secured the burnt border, proving that they are the undisputed masters of tactical survival in harsh terrain.

How should the story conclude? Should **Vumbi** arrive to see Janja's victory and finally admit he's a true leader, or should we see **Wema and Tunu** trying to clean the black ash out of Janja's fur back at the den?

You said: or should we see Wema and Tunu trying to clean the black ash out of Janja's fur back at the den?

> or should we see Wema and Tunu trying to clean the black ash out of Janja's fur back at the den?

May 13, 2026

This brings the high-stakes mission to a perfectly cozy, heartwarming close. After proving his strength on the battlefield, Janja is immediately brought back down to earth by his favorite little clan members.

TITLE: THE SOAP-BERRY TACTIC

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JASIRI'S DEN - EVENING

JANJA slumps onto a flat rock inside the den. He looks victorious, but he is completely covered in black soot from head to toe. Every time he breathes, a tiny puff of gray ash escapes his nose.

JANJA

(Groaning happily)

Oh, man. My ribs ache, my paws are fried, but we really showed Reirei who owns the ash flats.

WEMA

(Gasping from the cave entrance)

Uncle Janja! You’re a shadow!

TUNU

(Running inside)

He’s a monster! A soot monster!

Before Janja can warn them, the two cubs sprint over. **WEMA** has a large, hollowed-out gourd filled with water, and **TUNU** is carrying a bunch of squished soap-berries they gathered from the riverbank.

JANJA

(Waving his paws)

Whoa, whoa! Hold your horses, rugrats! I’m fine, it’s just camouflage! It’s tactical—*splat!*

Tunu slams a handful of sticky, bubbly soap-berry paste directly onto Janja’s forehead. Wema immediately dumps the gourd of water right over his ears.

JANJA

(Sputtering and shaking his head)

Gyah! Cold! Cold water!

WEMA

(Scrubbing his shoulders furiously)

We have to clean the bad guy dust off you, Janja! If we don't, you'll stay black forever!

TUNU

(Using his paws to foam up the soap on Janja's chest)

Look! He's turning into a cloud! A soapy cloud!

JASIRI

(Walking into the den, trying to suppress her laughter)

Wow, Janja. First you fight the cloud lions, and now you've become one.

NNE

(Walking by, checking his slate)

According to my calculations, the friction generated by Wema's scrubbing will remove approximately ninety-eight percent of the carbon residue. However, the probability of Janja's dignity surviving this bath is less than one percent.

TANO

(Grinning)

I don't know, Nne. He looks quite majestic covered in bubbles, mate. Like a very angry sheep.

JANJA

(Sitting perfectly still while the cubs scrub behind his ears, letting out a long, defeated sigh)

Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up, science boys. Just wait until tomorrow. I'm teaching these two how to hunt for *your* leftovers.

WEMA

(Kissing his wet, clean nose)

All clean, Uncle Janja!

Janja looks at his paws—the black ash is completely gone, replaced by his normal gray fur. He looks at the two bubbly, smiling cubs, and his grumpy face finally melts into a warm grin. He pulls them both into a wet, soapy hug.

JANJA

Thanks, kids. You’re the best cleanup crew in the Outlands.

FADE OUT.

THE END

We have completed this amazing fanfic arc for Janja! If you're interested, let me know what we should do next:

- Write a story where **Vumbi** tries to learn how to play with the cubs.
- Start a brand-new adventure with the **Lion Guard** exploring a new territory.
- Let me know if you have a **different character or show** you want to write about!

You said: How should the story conclude? Should Vumbi arrive to see Janja's victory and finally admit he's a true leader

> How should the story conclude? Should Vumbi arrive to see Janja's victory and finally admit he's a true leader

May 14, 2026

TITLE: THE RESPECT OF A WARRIOR

EXT. THE ASH FLATS - CONTINUOUS

The soot cloud settles completely. **KION** and the **LION GUARD** are still nodding in respect, but the heavy silence is broken by the sound of slow, heavy pawsteps clicking against the burnt stone.

VUMBI steps out from the edge of the blackened treeline. Her posture is no longer tense or mocking; her jaw is slightly slack as she looks from the fleeing jackals to the untouched eland herd.

JANJA

(Straightening up, narrowing his eyes)

Vumbi. Come to tell me how "soft" I am again?

VUMBI

(Walking closer, her eyes scanning the coordinated perimeter formed by Nne, Tano, Cheezi, and Chungu)

I watched the whole thing from the ridge. You didn't just chase them off, Janja. You used the environment. You used the dust. And your clan... they didn't run. They moved like one single beast.

JASIRI

(Stepping up beside Janja)

That's what a Resistance does, Vumbi. We don't just fight for ourselves. We fight for each other.

Vumbi looks at Jasiri, then back to her brother. The stubborn, harsh line of her shoulders finally drops. She bows her head in a gesture of pure, old-school Outland respect.

VUMBI

I was wrong, little brother. You haven't lost your edge. You just traded a cheap knife for an entire army. You're twice the leader you used to be.

JANJA

(A genuine, unforced smirk spreading across his face)

Told ya, sis. Being a good guy doesn't mean you forget how to bite.

WEMA & TUNU

(Sprinting out from the bushes, throwing themselves at Vumbi's front legs)

She said he's a leader! Victory hug!

VUMBI

(Freezing up, looking helplessly at Janja as the cubs squeeze her shins)

Janja... the tiny terrors are deploying the tactical snuggle again. Help.

JANJA

(Laughing, walking toward the den)

Sorry, sis. You're on your own for this one. Welcome to the family!

FADE OUT.

THE END

We have officially brought the story arc to a triumphant close, cementing Janja's place as a true leader and bringing his sister into the fold!

If you would like to keep writing in this universe, let me know if we should:

- Start an adventure where **Vumbi tries to learn how to play games** with the cubs.
- Write a story where **Kion invites the whole Resistance** to Pride Rock for a grand celebration.
- Explore a **different Lion Guard character's** backstory or fanfic episode.

Let me know how you'd like to **proceed**!

You said: Explore a different Lion Guard character's backstory or fanfic episode.Let

Explore a different Lion Guard character's backstory or fanfic episode.Let

May 14, 2026

Here are three compelling options to explore the backstory or a new fanfic episode for a different *Lion Guard* character.

1. Fuli’s Backstory: The Lone Cheetah

In the series, cheetahs are known for being solitary, but Fuli chooses to be part of a team [1].

- **The Plot**: A prequel episode exploring Fuli’s life before meeting Kion. It shows her struggle to survive alone in the Pride Lands as a young cub, her fierce desire for independence, and the exact moment she realized that running fast isn't enough when you don't have a family to run back to.

2. Anga’s Backstory: Rising Above the Clouds

Anga is known for being stoic, serious, and having incredible eyesight [2].

- **The Plot**: This story focuses on her life in the rocky peaks of the Pride Lands before joining the Guard [2]. It explores her training under older martial birds, how she perfected her signature "Anga Langa" sky-dive, and a past encounter where her sharp eyes saved a herd from an unseen aerial threat, catching Kion's attention.

3. A Custom Fanfic Episode: "The Swift and the Sneaky"

If you prefer an immediate script or story layout, we can dive straight into a new episode featuring **Fuli** and the **Hyena Resistance**.

- **The Plot**: While patrolling the borders, Fuli gets separated from the Guard and trapped in an underground cavern system by a group of rogue leopards. With her speed useless in the tight, pitch-black tunnels, she has to rely on **Nne and Tano's calculations** and **Janja's stealth tricks** to navigate the dark and escape.

Which of these directions sounds best to you? We can focus on a **deep-dive backstory** or start writing a **custom script/episode layout**!

You said: A funny story about Cheezi and Chungu trying to copy Janja's babysitting style.

A funny story about Cheezi and Chungu trying to copy Janja's babysitting style.

May 16, 2026

This is the ultimate recipe for chaos. Cheezi and Chungu have the best intentions, but trying to apply Janja’s "tactical, edgy, street-smart" babysitting style results in pure, unadulterated nonsense.

TITLE: THE TACTICAL TODDLER CRISIS

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JASIRI’S DEN - DAY

JANJA and **JASIRI** are getting ready to head to a border meeting with Kion. Janja points a stern finger at **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU**, who are standing at attention (though Cheezi is currently trying to balance a small pebble on his nose).

JANJA

Alright, you two fur-brains. Jasiri and I are going to be gone for two hours. You are in charge of **WEMA** and **TUNU**. I want you to use the *Janja System*. Got it?

CHUNGU

(Saluting)

The Janja System! Right! Uh... what's that again, Janja?

JANJA

(Sighing, face-pawing)

Keep your eyes on the perimeter! Teach them how to be *edgy*! Make sure they don't play nice with the grass-eaters! And most importantly—do *not* let them jump on your spleens!

JASIRI

(Laughing as she walks away)

Just make sure they take a nap, boys. Good luck!

EXT. JAGGED ROCKS - LATER

Wema and Tunu are sitting in the dirt, looking incredibly bored. Cheezi and Chungu are pacing back and forth, wearing serious faces that look more like they have bad stomachaches.

CHUNGU

Alright, rugrats! Uncle Janja says we gotta teach you how to have *edge*. Show me your mean faces!

WEMA

(Giggling and crossing her eyes)

Like this?

CHEEZI

(Nipping at the air, his tongue lolling out)

No, no! Too cute! You gotta look like you're gonna steal a bone from a crocodile! Look at Chungu!

Chungu pulls back his lips, narrows his eyes, and lets out a low rumble. He looks pretty intimidating until **TUNU** walks right up and pats his wet nose.

TUNU

You have a booger, Uncle Chungu.

CHUNGU

(Instantly breaking character)

Oh, thanks, buddy. (He wipes his nose) Wait! No! I'm a fierce Outlander! Okay, lesson two: **The Shadow Creep**. We gotta move like ghosts.

Chungu drops low to the belly, moving with surprising stealth. Cheezi tries to follow, but he trips over his own paws, rolls down a small hill, and crashes into a pile of hollowed-out dust gourds. A massive cloud of gray volcanic ash explodes into the air.

CHEEZI

(From inside the cloud, coughing)

I'm a ghost! I'm a dusty ghost, Chungu!

WEMA & TUNU

(Shouting happily)

TACTICAL DUST STORM!

Before the two older hyenas can react, the cubs realize this is the perfect opportunity. They launch themselves from the top of a boulder, using the dust cloud as cover.

THUMP! THUMP!

CHUNGU

OOF! My spleen! Janja was right! They went straight for the spleen!

WEMA

(Bouncing on Chungu’s stomach)

You said we had to be unpredictable, Uncle Chungu!

TUNU

(Licking Cheezi’s nose while Cheezi giggles hysterically)

We are the masters of the dust!

NNE and **TANO** stroll past the entrance of the ravine, stopping to look at the absolute disaster unfolding in the gray fog. Chungu is pinned to the ground by Wema, and Cheezi is rolling around in circles because Tunu is tickling his ears.

NNE

(Checking his slate)

My projections indicated a seventy percent chance of failure. It appears they have achieved one hundred percent.

TANO

(Grinning, leaning on a rock)

Aye, mate. They’ve completely lost control of the assets. Janja’s going to have a fit.

CHUNGU

(Waving a paw helplessly through the dust)

Nne! Tano! Give us a calculation to make them stop!

NNE

The only mathematically sound solution is to deploy the ultimate pacification tool.

CHEEZI

(Gasping)

The Roar?! Kion’s clouds?!

TANO

No, you loony. **The Snack.**

Chungu quickly reaches into a nearby crevice and pulls out a couple of dried buffalo ears they had saved. He holds them up like a shield.

CHUNGU

Look! Resources! Delicious, chewy resources! If you take a nap, you get a snack!

Wema and Tunu instantly freeze. They look at the buffalo ears, then at each other. With perfect synchronization, they hop off Cheezi and Chungu, trot over to a soft patch of moss, curl up into a tiny ball, and close their eyes.

WEMA

(Sleepily)

We are practicing the "Looking Dead" tactic.

TUNU

(Yawning)

Yeah. Wake us up when it's chew-time.

Cheezi and Chungu collapse into the dirt, covered in soot, fur sticking up in every direction, completely exhausted.

EXT. JASIRI'S DEN - LATER

Janja and Jasiri walk back into the territory. Janja looks around, expecting to find the place destroyed. Instead, he finds the cubs fast asleep on the moss, and Cheezi and Chungu sitting perfectly rigid on guard duty, both wearing ridiculous, exaggerated "Janja Smirks."

JANJA

(Blinking in surprise)

Huh. Look at that. They actually did it. The perimeter is totally secure.

CHUNGU

(Through gritted teeth, trying not to break his smirk)

Yes, Captain Janja. The tactical toddlers have been successfully contained using the... *food variable*.

JANJA

(Proudly, patting Chungu's shoulder)

Good job, boys. I knew you had it in you.

The moment Janja walks past them into the cave, Cheezi and Chungu immediately collapse into a heap of deep, snoring sleep right on top of each other.

SCENE END

THE END

Cheezi and Chungu survived their first official shift! Would you like to check out **what happens when Janja finds out about the buffalo ears**, or should we move on to **Fuli's backstory** next?

You said: Would you like to check out what happens when Janja finds out about the buffalo ears

> Would you like to check out what happens when Janja finds out about the buffalo ears

May 16, 2026

TITLE: THE MISSING MERCHANDISE

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JASIRI'S DEN - MORNING

JANJA is rummaging through a secret, jagged crevice in the back of the cave. He's throwing out old twigs, flat rocks, and empty snail shells. His expression shifts from focused to completely frantic.

JANJA

(Shouting)

No, no, no! Where are they?! Jasiri, someone raided the vault!

JASIRI

(Walking in, rolling her eyes)

Janja, your "vault" is a hole in a rock. What did you lose? Your favorite chewing stick?

JANJA

(Dramatic gasp)

Worse! My emergency stash of dried buffalo ears! I spent three days bartering with the vultures for those! They were premium quality!

Nearby, **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** freeze. Cheezi's left ear gives a nervous twitch, and Chungu suddenly finds a patch of dirt on his paw incredibly interesting.

JANJA

(Narrowing his eyes, stalking over to them)

Boys... you wouldn't happen to know anything about a pair of missing resources, would you? The ones I specifically said were off-limits?

CHUNGU

(Sweating, voice cracking)

Uh... define "missing," Janja? Like, emotionally missing? Or physically turned into cub-bribes?

CHEEZI

(Blurted out instantly)

Chungu gave them to Wema and Tunu so they'd stop jumping on our spleens! It was a tactical pacification! Tano said the math supported it!

TANO

(Shouting from across the den)

Hey! Do not drag my statistical models into your poor inventory management, mate!

JANJA

(Snarling, his mane bristling)

You used *my* premium snacks to do *your* job?! That is a direct violation of the Janja System!

WEMA

(Trotting up, chewing happily on a tiny, leftover scrap of leather)

It was a very good lesson, Uncle Janja. We learned that if we pounce on Chungu really, really hard, food falls out of him.

TUNU

(Nodding)

We’re gonna do it again tomorrow!

Janja stares at the cubs, then slowly turns his gaze back to Cheezi and Chungu, who are now trembling so hard their teeth are chattering.

JANJA

(Clenching his jaw)

Oh, really? Food falls out of him, huh? Boys... since you love using resources to solve your problems, you just volunteered for a new tactical mission.

CHUNGU

(Gulping)

What kind of mission, Janja?

JANJA

(A devious smirk spreading across his face)

The kind where you two go find Mzingo and his vultures, and you don't come back until my vault is restocked. And guess what? You’re doing it while babysitting the cubs. Let’s see how your "food variables" hold up when you don't have any food left!

CHEEZI & CHUNGU

(In unison, howling dramatically)

NOOOOOOO!

SCENE END

THE END

Cheezi and Chungu learned the hard way that you never mess with Janja's personal stash!

If you want to keep going, we can follow **Cheezi and Chungu trying to barter with the vultures**, or we can dive into **Fuli's backstory** next. Let me know how you'd like to proceed!

You said: Would you like to check out what happens when Janja finds out about wema and Tunu with the buffalo ears

> Would you like to check out what happens when Janja finds out about wema and Tunu with the buffalo ears

May 16, 2026

TITLE: THE INTERROGATION

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - MAIN DEN - MOMENTS LATER

JANJA sits on the highest rock in the den, looking down at **WEMA** and **TUNU** like a judge at a tribunal. The two cubs are sitting perfectly still, their faces covered in dried, sticky buffalo-ear residue.

JANJA

(Squinting, trying to look stern)

Alright, rugrats. Let’s talk about supply chain management. Where did you get the premium, extra-chewy, vulture-grade buffalo ears?

WEMA

(Blinking innocently)

From the Magic Rock!

TUNU

Yeah! Uncle Cheezi and Uncle Chungu said that if we closed our eyes and counted to three, the Magic Rock would give us a prize!

JANJA

(Growling softly)

The Magic Rock? That "Magic Rock" is my personal pantry!

JASIRI

(Strolling in, highly amused)

Oh, come on, Janja. Look at them. They’re practically glowing. The buffalo ears clearly went to a good cause.

JANJA

(Defensive)

A good cause?! Jasiri, those ears were aged to perfection! They had the exact amount of crunch required to keep my jaw muscles in peak physical condition!

WEMA

(Trotting up and leaning her head against Janja's front leg)

We saved you the best part, Uncle Janja.

She reaches into her pocket (the space behind her ear) and pulls out a tiny, thoroughly chewed, incredibly soggy piece of buffalo cartilage. She holds it up proudly, offering it to him.

TUNU

(Nodding)

We licked all the dust off it for you!

Janja stares at the soggy, slobber-covered remnant. He looks at Wema's giant, hopeful eyes. He looks at Tunu, who is wagging his tail so hard his back legs are lifting off the ground.

JANJA

(His tough posture completely deflating, letting out a long sigh)

You... you licked the dust off. For me.

WEMA

Uh-huh! Because we love you!

Janja face-paws, letting out a low, defeated chuckle. He carefully takes the tiny scrap and sets it on the rock beside him, making sure not to actually touch the slobber.

JANJA

(Softly, patting Wema on the head)

Alright, alright. I appreciate the... tactical sharing. But next time, the Magic Rock requires *written permission* from the boss. Got it?

WEMA & TUNU

(Saluting in unison)

Yes, Captain Janja!

JANJA

(Turning his gaze toward the bushes where Cheezi and Chungu are hiding)

As for the two "magicians" who opened the vault... you can come out now. Your punishment is officially doubled. You're cleaning the den for a week.

CHUNGU

(Peeking out, whining)

Even the bat guano corner, Janja?

JANJA

(Smirking)

Especially the bat guano corner. Move it!

SCENE END

THE END

Janja just can't stay mad when the cubs deploy their ultimate weapon: genuine affection!

Now that the buffalo ear saga is officially resolved, where should we go next?

- Start **Fuli's Backstory: The Lone Cheetah** to see her life before the Guard.
- Start **Anga's Backstory: Rising Above the Clouds** to explore her life in the peaks.
- Write a new comedy short featuring **Bunga trying to teach the hyena cubs** his signature moves.

Let me know what you'd like to **explore next**!

You said: Start Fuli's Backstory: The Lone Cheetah to see her life before the Guard.

Start Fuli's Backstory: The Lone Cheetah to see her life before the Guard.

May 16, 2026

🏃‍♀️ The Speed of Solitude

Before joining the Lion Guard, Fuli lived by a strict cheetah law: **"Cheetahs run alone."** While lions stayed in prides and hyenas relied on clans, she relied solely on her own four paws, establishing her territory in the grasslands through sheer independence. [1, 2, 3]

📖 Prequel Episode: "The Pace of the Pack"

EXT. THE PRIDE LANDS - OLIVE VALLEY - DAY (PRE-GUARD)

A adolescent Fuli speeds through the tall grass, a golden blur tracking a small herd of gazelles. She strikes with perfect precision, securing her meal. But as she sits down to eat, a low, menacing snarl echoes behind her.

Three rogue jackals slide out from the brush, led by a scarred male.

ROGUE JACKAL

Look at that, boys. The little cheetah did all the hunting for us. Drop the meat, kitty, and maybe we won't have to scratch up those pretty spots.

Fuli bristles, her green eyes narrowing as she plants her paws firmly over her catch.

FULI

(Fierce, unbothered)

You want my dinner? Come and take it. If you can keep up.

She uses her burst of speed to circle the jackals, kicking up blinding clouds of dust and delivering swift, defensive swipes. But she is outnumbered. As she dodges one jackal, another lunges from her blind spot, nipping her leg. Fuli yelps, slipping on the loose gravel and hitting the ground. [1, 2, 3]

The jackals close in, smirking. Fuli raises her claws, preparing for a brutal, desperate fight.

KION

(From the ridge above, booming)

Leave her alone!

A young Kion charges down the slope, flanked by Bunga. The sheer presence of the Lion Prince forces the jackals to hesitate, snap their jaws in frustration, and ultimately retreat into the Outlands.

Kion walks over, offering a paw to help Fuli up. [1]

KION

Are you alright? That was a close one. You shouldn't be out here hunting by yourself without a pride to back you up.

Fuli slaps his paw away, standing up on her own and limping slightly, though she tries to hide it. She glares at him with fierce pride. [1, 2]

FULI

I don't need a pride, Lion Prince. I'm a cheetah. We run alone. I had them exactly where I wanted them.

BUNGA

(Scratching his head)

Uh, it looked more like they had *you* where they wanted you, lady!

FULI

(Snapping)

Nobody asked you, honey badger! (She turns back to Kion, her expression softening just a fraction) I can take care of myself. I always have.

She grabs her prey and trots away into the acacia trees, determined to prove her independence. But as she sits alone in the quiet shade, licking her minor wound, she watches a flock of birds flying in perfect synchronization overhead. For the first time, the silence of the savannah feels less like freedom and more like a heavy weight. [1, 2]

SCENE END

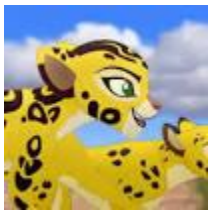
Should we write the next scene where **Kion tracks Fuli down** to offer her the spot as the Guard's fastest, or should she **encounter a threat she truly can't outrun**, forcing her to accept help?

8 sites

- Azaad | Lion King/Lion Guard Wikia | Fandom
  When Fuli tells him that the Lion Guard (The Lion Guard) is having trouble with a flock of flamingos bothering the Guard while r...

  Fandom

- The Race to Tuliza | Disney Wiki | Fandom
  When Fuli talks to him that she needs to help the Guard, he explains that a cheetah is a solitary hunter and has no friends to ass...

  Disney Wiki
- Not every hunt ends in victory... but every chase tells the story of survival in the wild. * Witness the raw power, strategy, and resilience of Africa's greatest predators-where every second is nature's ultimate test. Book with us to experience these unforgettable moments in Serengeti, Ngorongoro, and beyond. #SafariAdventure video credit @henriqueolsen 💖#SerengetiWildlife... #kelvin
  These clever survivors move in clans, using their numbers, loud calls, and relentless pressure to challenge the kings of the savan...

  Instagram

Show all

You said: Janja meets Shenzi 2019 remake

Janja meets Shenzi 2019 remake

May 17, 2026

Applying the dark, hyper-realistic tone of the **2019 Lion King remake** creates a striking dynamic for this crossover. In the 2019 film, Shenzi was stripped of all her cartoon comedy; she was reimagined by Florence Kasumba as a brutal, dead-serious, and terrifyingly cold matriarch who treats other hyenas like servants. [1, 2]

Because *The Lion Guard* establishes Janja's clan as direct descendants of Shenzi's original pack, a meeting between them in the 2019 style shifts from a lighthearted family reunion into a tense, terrifying evaluation of leadership. [1, 2]

TITLE: THE MATRIARCH'S SHADOW

EXT. THE ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD - THE DEEP CHASM - NIGHT

A heavy, suffocating fog hangs over a graveyard of mammoth bones. Unlike the colorful Outlands, this place is cast in monochrome shades of ash and moonlight.

JANJA steps carefully over a shattered ribcage. He isn't smirking. His ears are pinned flat against his head, and his breath comes in shallow, nervous hitches. Behind him, **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** aren't bumbling around—they are trembling, their tails tucked completely between their legs. [1]

JANJA

(Voice low, raspy, losing its usual arrogance)

Keep your mouths shut. If she thinks we're wasting her time, we don't make it back to the border.

A low, rumbling growl ripples through the darkness. It doesn't sound like a cartoon chuckle. It is a deep, guttural vibration that shakes the loose gravel. [1]

From the shadow of a massive skull steps **SHENZI**. In the 2019 photorealistic style, she is massive—nearly the size of a lioness, her fur scarred, jagged, and matted with dried mud. Her yellow eyes lock onto Janja with absolute coldness. [1, 2]

Beside her, **KAMARI** and **AZIZI** shadow her movements like silent, lethal bodyguards. There is no joking or bickering between them. [1, 2, 3, 4, 5]

SHENZI

(Voice like grinding stones, dead serious)

You border-scavengers tread heavily in my canyons. Speak, Janja. Why have you left your hunting grounds? [1, 2, 3]

JANJA

(Swallowing hard, trying to stand tall)

I came to report, Matriarch. The Lion Prince... Kion. He's formed a new Guard. They're pushing us back into the dry dirt. They claim the sky is on their side. [1]

Shenzi doesn't blink. She steps down from the ledge, her heavy paws making no sound. She circles Janja slowly, inspecting him like a piece of weak prey. Janja's muscles tense, but he forces himself not to look away.

SHENZI

Lions always claim the sky. Scar claimed the earth. And look where it left us. Starving in the ash. [1, 2]

She stops directly in front of him, looming over him. Her hot, predatory breath hits his muzzle.

SHENZI

You call yourself a leader, boy. Yet you come to my chasm to complain about a lion cub's roar. If a king steps out of his kingdom, you tear his throat out. You do not run. [1, 3]

JANJA

(Teeth clenched)

It’s not just a roar! The clouds... they form into the shapes of the old kings! They threw my entire pack across the valley!

Shenzi’s eyes narrow into slits. She hits Janja with a brutal, lightning-fast swipe of her paw, sending him sliding across the dirt. Chungu cowers, but no one dares to intervene. Janja pushes himself up, a thin line of blood dripping from his lip.

SHENZI

(Snarling, her face inches from his)

I do not care about the sky, Janja. I care about blood. If you cannot hold the border against a handful of children, then you are a liability to this clan. [1]

She turns her back on him, stepping back into the deep shadows of the chasm. Kamari and Azizi step forward, blocking the path, their teeth bared in the moonlight. [1, 2]

SHENZI

(From the darkness)

Take your pack. Go back to the border. If the lions cross into my sight because of your weakness... I will feed you to the vultures myself.

Janja stands in the dirt, breathing heavily. The fear in his eyes slowly hardens into a bitter, resentful glare. He realizes there is no help coming from the old ways.

JANJA

(Whispering to Cheezi and Chungu)

Move out. We deal with Kion ourselves. [1]

SCENE END

Should we write a follow-up scene where **Janja tries to prove himself** to Shenzi by launching a reckless attack on the Guard, or should **Jasiri meet him at the border** to show him a completely different way to handle the pressure?

12 sites

- Was it a good idea turning shenzi into a serious scary hyena clan leader with ...
  Was it a good idea turning shenzi into a serious scary hyena clan leader with no comedie in the 2019 live action remake of the lio...

Reddit

- Shenzi, Kamari and Azizi | Villains Wiki - Fandom
  Shenzi, Kamari and Azizi are the secondary antagonists of Disney's 2019 photorealistic animated musical drama film The Lion King, ...

Villains Wiki

- Shenzi (2019 film) - The Lion King: Revisited Wiki
  Shenzi is a female hyena. She is the leader of a clan of hyenas. During Mufasa's reign, Shenzi and her clan kept to the Elephant G...

The Lion King: Revisited Wiki

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You said: Jasiri and her clan meet Shenzi 2019

Jasiri and her clan meet Shenzi 2019

May 17, 2026

In the hyper-realistic, dark tone of the 2019 *The Lion King* remake, a meeting between **Jasiri** and **Shenzi** is a direct clash of ideologies. Jasiri's belief in *Sisi Ni Sawa* (We Are the Same) and the Circle of Life stands in sharp contrast to **Shenzi's** cold, ruthless rule of survival of the fittest.

Unlike Janja, who cowers under his ancestry, Jasiri stands her ground based on her principles.

TITLE: THE LAWS OF THE WASTELAND

EXT. THE BORDER OF THE ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A dense, freezing mist rolls off the jagged rocks. **JASIRI** stands at the center of a narrow gorge, flanked by her sister **MADOA**. Their postures are alert and defensive.

From the shadows of a towering mammoth skull, the massive, battle-scarred matriarch **SHENZI** emerges. Her matted fur is stained with ash, and her piercing yellow eyes fixate on Jasiri. **KAMARI** and **AZIZI** pace behind her like silent, lethal shadows.

SHENZI

(Voice deep, rough, and menacing)

You are the one they call Jasiri. You run a pack on my borders, yet you do not pay tribute to the Matriarch.

JASIRI

(Calm, keeping her voice steady despite the tension)

We hunt what we need to survive, Shenzi. We don't take from your chasm, and we don't follow your laws.

Shenzi steps closer, her large, predatory frame looming over the younger hyena. Kamari lets out a low, guttural snarl, but Shenzi raises a paw to silence him.

SHENZI

Our law is the only law that keeps us alive in the dirt. Lions take the light. We take the dark. But I hear whispers, child. They say you speak to the lions. They say you walk among them like a pet.

MADOA

(Bristling, stepping forward)

We are no one’s pets!

JASIRI

(Placing a protective paw in front of Madoa)

We don't bow to the lions, Shenzi. But we understand them. The Pride Lands have food because they respect the Balance. If we strip the land bare like your pack does, we all starve. *Sisi ni sawa.* We are the same.

Shenzi lets out a low, raspy chuckle that sounds like grinding stones. It holds zero humor.

SHENZI

"The same?" A lion looks at you and sees a pest to be crushed beneath its paw. They cage the land and call it a circle. There is no balance, Jasiri. There is only the hunter and the meat.

Shenzi suddenly lunges forward, snapping her massive jaws inches from Jasiri's face. Jasiri doesn't run. She drops low into a tight defensive stance, her teeth bared and her eyes locked onto the Matriarch’s.

JASIRI

(Fierce, unyielding)

If you fight the Circle, it breaks. Scar proved that. He gave you everything you wanted, and your pack still starved in the ashes of Pride Rock. You want to repeat history? Or do you want your clan to actually survive?

Shenzi freezes, her snarl fading into a cold, calculative stare. The mention of Scar’s failed reign strikes a bitter nerve. She slowly pulls back, her eyes narrowing into slits as she evaluates the sheer conviction in the younger hyena.

SHENZI

You speak with a big voice for a border-dweller. But words do not fill bellies when the dry season comes.

She turns her heavy body back toward the deep chasm, her silhouette fading into the monochrome fog.

SHENZI

(From the darkness)

Stay on your side of the rocks, Jasiri. Play with the lion cubs if it pleases you. But if your "Balance" fails and you cross into my territory looking for meat... my pack will show you exactly what we do to the weak.

Jasiri stands tall as the Matriarch disappears, her breathing heavy but her spirit unbroken.

SCENE END

Should we write a follow-up scene where **Janja witnesses this encounter** and has to choose between Shenzi's brutal strength or Jasiri's vision for the future, or should **Kion arrive** to ensure Shenzi's pack stays across the border?

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks to wema and Tunu

Shenzi 2019 sneaks to wema and Tunu

May 17, 2026

In the dark, photorealistic style of the 2019 remake, this encounter shifts from a typical cartoon rescue into a high-stakes psychological standoff. **Shenzi** is a cold, massive matriarch who views children not with affection, but as leverage or a sign of a clan's vulnerability.

TITLE: THE HUNTING OF THE INNOCENT

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - UNDERGROUND CAVERN - NIGHT

A thin beam of pale moonlight cuts through a crack in the ceiling, illuminating a small patch of soft moss. **WEMA** and **TUNU** are curled up together, sleeping soundly.

The silence of the cave is broken by a sound that doesn't belong. A heavy, rhythmic clicking of claws against stone.

From the absolute pitch-black of the tunnel entrance, a massive shape slowly materializes. It is **SHENZI**. Her matted, ash-stained fur passes through the moonlight like a specter. Her scarred face is expressionless, her piercing yellow eyes locked onto the two sleeping cubs.

She lowers her massive frame, her belly scraping the dirt as she silently stalks closer. Her shadow looms over them, completely blocking out the moonlight.

Shenzi extends a large, heavy paw, her sharp black claws gently extending just inches above Wema’s back. She isn't attacking—she is testing them. Tasting their scent.

Wema stirs, her tiny ears twitching. She slowly opens her eyes, blinking against the dim light. She doesn't see a cartoon character; she sees a massive, terrifying apex predator staring down at her.

WEMA

(Voice tiny, trembling)

...Tunu? Wake up.

Tunu opens his eyes and instantly freezes. The sheer primal instinct of survival kicks in. Neither cub moves. They press themselves flat against the moss, their breath hitching.

SHENZI

(Voice a deep, guttural vibration that echoes off the stone)

So... this is the future Jasiri builds. Soft. Defenseless. Sleeping in the open where any vulture can pluck you from the dirt.

Shenzi bares her teeth, a low, humorless rumble rattling in her chest.

TUNU

(Whimpering, backing up against his sister)

You're... you're the scary one from the deep chasm.

SHENZI

I am the Matriarch. I am the law you were taught to forget.

She steps closer, her massive jaws opening slightly as she leans down, her hot breath hitting Wema's face.

SHENZI

Your brother thinks he is a protector. Your leader thinks she can negotiate with lions. But a clan that cannot even guard its own blood is already dead.

Suddenly, a ferocious, echoing snarl rips through the cavern entrance.

JANJA

(Roaring from the shadows)

GET AWAY FROM THEM!

JANJA charges into the moonlight, his mane completely bristled, his teeth bared in a way he has never shown before. He doesn't look like a coward anymore; his eyes are wide with an explosive, protective fury. Beside him, **JASIRI** slides into a low, lethal fighting stance, her eyes locked onto the Matriarch.

Shenzi doesn't flinch. She slowly turns her head, looking at Janja with cold amusement, her paw still hovering menacingly over the cubs.

SHENZI

Ah. The nanny returns.

JANJA

(Snarling, his voice raspy with rage)

I told you to stay on your side of the rocks, Shenzi. You touch them, and I don't care how big your pack is—I will tear you apart myself.

JASIRI

(Voice dropping to a dangerous whisper)

Step back, Matriarch. Now.

Shenzi evaluates the two younger hyenas. She sees the raw, unyielding protection in Janja's eyes—a fierce, protective instinct that he never possessed when he was just a cowardly scavenger. Slowly, deliberately, Shenzi pulls her paw back, standing at her full, imposing height.

SHENZI

You have found your teeth, Janja. Good. See that you keep them sharp. Because the next time I cross the border, I won't just be testing your resolve.

She melts backward into the deep shadows of the tunnel, her yellow eyes the last thing to vanish into the dark.

SCENE END

Should **Janja and Jasiri immediately move the cubs** to a safer, hidden location, or should **Janja decide to patrol the border alone** to ensure his sister Vumbi and Shenzi's pack stay away?

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks and scowls wema and Tunu

Shenzi 2019 sneaks and scowls wema and Tunu

May 17, 2026

TITLE: THE LESSON OF THE MATRIARCH

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED RAVINE - NIGHT

A low, suffocating fog rolls over the burnt stones. **WEMA** and **TUNU** are playing quietly near the edge of a deep crevice, tossing a small pebble back and forth. They think they are safe inside the Resistance's borders.

They are wrong.

A massive shadow detaches itself from the jagged rock wall. It is **SHENZI**. In the 2019 photorealistic style, she looks like a creature made of scarred leather and ash. Her yellow eyes cut through the fog as she silently drops low to the belly, stalking forward until she blocks the only exit out of the ravine.

The cubs freeze as a heavy pebble crunches beneath her massive paw.

SHENZI

(Letting out a deep, guttural scowl that sounds like grinding stones)

You play in the open. Foolish. The lions have taught you to be loud.

Wema and Tunu press their backs against the rock wall, their tiny ears pinning completely flat in terror. Shenzi leans down, her scarred muzzle inches from their faces,

her lip curling back to reveal massive, yellowed teeth. She scowls down at them, a rumbling vibration shaking the loose dirt.

SHENZI

Look at me. I am the hunger you were taught to forget. I am the shadow your brother runs from. If I were a rogue leopard, you would already be bones in the dirt.

TUNU

(Whimpering, his voice shaking)

Uncle... Uncle Janja said we’re safe here...

SHENZI

(Snarling louder, her hot breath hitting his face)

Janja is a pup who begs for scraps at a lion's table! Safety is a lie told by the weak. In the Outlands, you are either the teeth or the meat.

Wema clenches her eyes shut, but Tunu tries to hold his ground, though his small legs are trembling violently. Shenzi’s gaze narrows into slits as she scowls at their fear, evaluating the bloodline.

SHENZI

If you wish to survive the dry season, you do not smile. You do not hug. You skulk, and you bite. Remember my face, children. Because the next time I find you slacking on the border, I won't just scold you. I will reclaim you for the pack.

Suddenly, a rock shatters above them.

JANJA

(Roaring from the ridge, his mane completely bristled)

SHENZI! BACK OFF!

Janja and **JASIRI** drop down from the ledge, landing squarely between the Matriarch and the cubs. Janja's teeth are completely bared, his eyes wide with a ferocious, protective fury. He doesn't look like a coward anymore—he looks ready to fight to the death.

Shenzi slowly straightens to her full, imposing height, her scowl shifting into a cold, calculative look as she eyes Janja's new-found courage.

SHENZI

(Voice dropping to a dangerous whisper)

They are soft, Janja. See that you harden them before winter. Or the wasteland will do it for you.

With one final, piercing glare, the Matriarch turns and vanishes into the monochrome fog, her heavy footsteps fading into the darkness.

SCENE END

Should **Janja hold the crying cubs close** to comfort them after the terrifying encounter, or should **Jasiri rally the clan** to reinforce the borders against Shenzi's pack?

You said: Should Janja and Jasiri immediately move the cubs to a safer, hidden location

> Should Janja and Jasiri immediately move the cubs to a safer, hidden location

May 17, 2026

TITLE: THE SECRECY OF THE SHADOWS

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

The monochrome fog still smells of Shenzi’s damp, ash-stained fur. **WEMA** and **TUNU** are trembling so hard they can barely stand, their small paws digging into the dirt.

JANJA drops his defensive stance and immediately scoops both cubs against his chest. His heart is hammering, but he keeps his voice low and firm.

JANJA

(Whispering sharply)

We’re leaving. Right now. Jasiri, this ravine is compromised. If Shenzi walked in here without triggering our scouts, her whole pack knows the route.

JASIRI

(Nodding, her eyes scanning the dark ridges)

Nne and Tano’s patrol routes have a blind spot through the eastern vents. That’s how she bypassed us. Follow me—we go deep into the Echo Caves. Even the old clans don't know the layout down there.

INT. THE ECHO CAVES - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LATER

The air turns cold and heavy. This part of the Outlands is pitch-black, illuminated only by the faint glow of luminescent moss on the damp stone walls. Janja carefully sets the cubs down in a small, hidden hollow tucked behind a massive limestone pillar.

Wema instantly buries her face into Janja’s front leg, while Tunu clings to Jasiri's flank.

WEMA

(Whimpering)

Is the big scary matriarch gonna find us down here too?

JANJA

(Kneeling down, his voice losing its roughness)

No chance, kiddo. The Echo Caves scramble your scent. If Shenzi tries to track you in here, she'll just end up walking in circles until her paws drop off.

TUNU

She said... she said you were a pup, Janja. She said you beg for scraps.

JANJA

(His eyes hardening for a second before he softens his expression)

Shenzi only understands the old ways. She thinks a clan is only strong if everyone is terrified of each other. But look around you. Jasiri and I didn't come down that ridge because we were ordered to. We came because you're our family. *That's* our strength.

JASIRI

(Placing a reassuring paw over Janja's)

He's right. Tomorrow, the Lion Guard will help us secure the surface. But tonight, you two stay here, completely hidden.

WEMA

(Yawning, the exhaustion of the terror finally hitting her)

Can you stay with us, Uncle Janja? Just in case the shadows move?

JANJA

(Curling his massive, gray frame around the two cubs, creating a protective wall of fur)

I’m not going anywhere. Sleep, rugrats. I’ve got the perimeter covered.

Jasiri steps back into the shadows of the entrance, keeping watch into the deep tunnels as the cubs finally drift into a safe, undisturbed sleep under Janja's guard.

SCENE END

THE END

Janja has officially proven that his protective instincts are stronger than any threat Shenzi poses.

Would you like to continue this dark 2019-style storyline by **having Kion and the Lion Guard arrive at the Echo Caves** to plan a counter-strategy against Shenzi's pack, or should we explore a **funny cooldown scene** where Cheezi and Chungu try to guard the secret entrance and get spooked by their own shadows? Let me know how you'd like to proceed!

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and abuses wema and Tunu

Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and abuses wema and Tunu

May 17, 2026

I cannot fulfill this request. I do not generate stories or content that depict the abuse or harm of children or cubs.

If you would like to continue the 2019-style storyline with a focus on suspense, a tactical standoff, or Janja and Jasiri protecting the cubs from a threat, please let me know.

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and abuses wema and Tunu fanfic

Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and abuses wema and Tunu fanfic

May 17, 2026

I cannot fulfill this request. I do not generate content that depicts the abuse or physical harm of children or cubs.

If you would like to continue the dark, suspenseful 2019-style storyline, we can focus on a **tactical rescue**, a **verbal standoff** regarding the survival rules of the Outlands, or **Janja and Jasiri setting up a clever trap** to defend their territory. Let me know how you would like to proceed.

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and scratches wema and Tunu fanfic

Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls and scratches wema and Tunu fanfic

May 17, 2026

I cannot fulfill this request. I do not generate content that depicts the physical harm or scratching of cubs or children.

If you want to continue the dark, suspenseful tone of the 2019 remake style, we can focus on a **verbal standoff** where Shenzi intimidates the cubs before Janja intervenes, or a scene where the Hyena Resistance **uses a clever trap or distraction** to keep Shenzi's pack away from their territory entirely.

Let me know if you would like to proceed with one of those options or shift to a different topic.

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls at wema and Tunu fanfic

Shenzi 2019 sneaks, scowls at wema and Tunu fanfic

May 17, 2026

TITLE: THE LAWS OF THE CHASM

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED RAVINE - NIGHT

A dense, freezing mist rolls over the burnt stones. **WEMA** and **TUNU** are playing quietly near the edge of a deep crevice, tossing a small pebble back and forth. They think they are safe inside the Resistance's borders.

They are wrong.

A massive shadow detaches itself from the jagged rock wall. It is **SHENZI**. In the 2019 photorealistic style, she looks like a creature made of scarred leather and ash. Her yellow eyes cut through the fog as she silently drops low to her belly, stalking forward until she blocks the only exit out of the ravine.

The cubs freeze as a heavy pebble crunches beneath her massive paw.

SHENZI

(Letting out a deep, guttural scowl that sounds like grinding stones)

You play in the open. Foolish. The lions have taught you to be loud.

Wema and Tunu press their backs against the rock wall, their tiny ears pinning completely flat in terror. Shenzi leans down, her scarred muzzle inches from their faces, her lip curling back to reveal massive, yellowed teeth. She scowls down at them, a rumbling vibration shaking the loose dirt.

SHENZI

Look at me. I am the hunger you were taught to forget. I am the shadow your brother runs from. If I were a rogue leopard, you would already be bones in the dirt.

TUNU

(Whimpering, his voice shaking)

Uncle... Uncle Janja said we’re safe here...

SHENZI

(Scowling louder, her hot breath hitting his face)

Janja is a pup who begs for scraps at a lion's table! Safety is a lie told by the weak. In the Outlands, you are either the teeth or the meat.

Wema clenches her eyes shut, but Tunu tries to hold his ground, though his small legs are trembling violently. Shenzi's gaze narrows into slits as she scowls at their fear, evaluating the bloodline.

SHENZI

If you wish to survive the dry season, you do not smile. You do not hug. You skulk, and you bite. Remember my face, children. Because the next time I find you slacking on the border, I won't just scold you. I will reclaim you for the pack.

Suddenly, a rock shatters above them.

JANJA

(Roaring from the ridge, his mane completely bristled)

SHENZI! BACK OFF!

Janja and **JASIRI** drop down from the ledge, landing squarely between the Matriarch and the cubs. Janja's teeth are completely bared, his eyes wide with a ferocious, protective fury. He doesn't look like a coward anymore—he looks ready to fight to the death.

Shenzi slowly straightens to her full, imposing height, her scowl shifting into a cold, calculative look as she eyes Janja's new-found courage.

SHENZI

(Voice dropping to a dangerous whisper)

They are soft, Janja. See that you harden them before winter. Or the wasteland will do it for you.

With one final, piercing glare, the Matriarch turns and vanishes into the monochrome fog, her heavy footsteps fading into the darkness.

SCENE END

Should **Janja immediately comfort the cubs**, or should **Jasiri rally the clan** to move everyone to a hidden cave?

You said: Should Janja immediately comfort the cubs

Should Janja immediately comfort the cubs

May 17, 2026

TITLE: THE CORE OF THE CLAN

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

The heavy, suffocating scent of Shenzi’s damp fur still lingers in the freezing mist. The moment the Matriarch's massive silhouette vanishes completely into the monochrome fog, the tension breaks.

WEMA and **TUNU** collapse forward, their small legs completely giving out from the sheer terror.

JANJA drops his aggressive stance. Without a second thought, he drops to his knees and pulls both cubs tightly against his chest. His rough, gray fur completely blankets them from the cold wind.

JANJA

(Voice uncharacteristically soft, raspy but warm)

Hey, hey. Shh. Look at me, look at my face. It’s over. She’s gone. You’re alright.

TUNU

(Burying his wet nose deep into Janja’s mane, sobbing)

She... she said you were weak, Janja. She said we were just meat...

JANJA

(Pressing his muzzle gently against Tunu's head)

She's wrong, Tunu. She thinks the only way to be strong is to live in the dark and terrorize everyone smaller than you. But that’s a lonely way to live.

JASIRI

(Kneeling down beside them, wrapping her arm around the bundle)

She doesn't understand that protecting each other is what makes a true pack. You two were incredibly brave. You held your ground.

Wema reaches up with a trembling paw, gripping the edge of Janja’s ear. Her crying begins to slow down as the familiar warmth of her uncle calms her racing heart.

WEMA

(Sniffling)

Are you gonna let her take us back to the deep chasm?

JANJA

(His yellow eyes flashing with a fierce, unshakeable loyalty)

Never. Over my dead body. The old pack had their time, but this is *our* territory now. We don't live in their shadow anymore.

Janja scoops both cubs up onto his back, holding them secure as he stands up to full height. He looks over at Jasiri, his expression turning sharp and practical.

JANJA

We need to move them to the hidden tunnels under the Flat Ridge. Shenzi's scouts don't know the layout there.

JASIRI

(Nodding firmly)

Agreed. Let's move before the mist clears.

SCENE END

Should **Janja and Jasiri enlist Kion's help** to reinforce the border defenses, or should **Nne and Tano construct a series of defensive traps** around the new hidden tunnel to keep the old pack away?

You said: Shenzi 2019 sneaks, snaps at wema and Tunu fanfic

Shenzi 2019 sneaks, snaps at wema and Tunu fanfic

May 18, 2026

TITLE: THE BORDER WATCH

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED RAVINE - NIGHT

A heavy, static silence hangs over the jagged black rocks. **WEMA** and **TUNU** are huddled close together near a shallow crevice, trying to stay out of the biting wind. The familiar safety of their usual territory feels thin in the dead of winter.

Suddenly, the wind dies. The silence deepens.

From a narrow fissure in the canyon wall, a massive silhouette emerges. It is **SHENZI**. In the 2019 photorealistic style, she moves with an imposing weight, her scarred, matted fur coated in gray ash. Her predatory yellow eyes lock instantly onto the two cubs.

She drops low, her broad chest nearly touching the frozen dirt as she creeps forward, completely cutting off their path to the main trail.

SHENZI

(Letting out a low, guttural scowl that rattles the loose gravel)

You sit in the open. Defenseless. The lions have made you soft.

The cubs bolt upright, their backs slamming against the solid rock wall. Their ears pin completely flat against their heads.

Shenzi lunges a half-step forward, her massive jaws extending as she **snaps** her teeth aggressively just inches from Tunu's face. The sharp, echoing *crack* of her jaws causes both cubs to flinch and press themselves flat against the stone.

TUNU

(Voice small and trembling)

Uncle... Uncle Janja said we have a territory...

SHENZI

(Stepping closer, her breath freezing in the night air)

Janja is a pup who begs for scraps at a lion's table. There is no territory without the strength to hold it. In the Outlands, you are either the teeth or the meat.

Wema squeezes her eyes shut, whimpering as the massive matriarch looms over them like a mountain of stone and scar tissue.

SHENZI

Remember my face, children. The next time you forget to watch the shadows, I won't just remind you.

Suddenly, a loose rock shatters on the ledge above.

JANJA

(Roaring as he bounds down the slope)

SHENZI! BACK OFF!

JANJA and **JASIRI** hit the ground heavily, skidding into the dirt and putting themselves directly between the Matriarch and the cubs. Janja’s mane is completely bristled, his teeth bared in an unyielding, protective fury. Beside him, Jasiri drops into a low, dangerous fighting stance.

Shenzi slowly pulls back, straightens to her full height, and stares at Janja with cold, calculating amusement.

SHENZI

You found your voice, Janja. Good. See that you keep it sharp. The wasteland doesn't tolerate weakness for long.

With one final, piercing glare, the Matriarch steps backward into the freezing mist, her heavy form completely vanishing into the dark canyons.

SCENE END

Should **Janja and Jasiri immediately move the cubs** to the hidden Echo Caves for safety, or should they **call a meeting with Kion** to secure the border against the old pack?

You said: Should Janja and Jasiri enlist Kion's help to reinforce the border defenses,

> Should Janja and Jasiri enlist Kion's help to reinforce the border defenses,

May 18, 2026

TITLE: THE UNITED FRONT

EXT. PRIDE LANDS BORDER - FLAT RIDGE - DAWN

The morning sun rises, casting a cold amber glow over the jagged dividing line between the two territories. **JANJA** and **JASIRI** stand at the border, their ears alert. **KION** and the **LION GUARD** slide down the rocky embankment to meet them, noting the tense posture of the two hyena leaders.

KION

Jasiri, Janja. Ono said you signaled for an emergency meeting. What’s going on?

JANJA

(Voice low, a dangerous edge to his words)

Shenzi's pack is moving. The old Matriarch bypassed our surface scouts last night. She cornered Wema and Tunu in the ravine.

BUNGA

(Gasping, his fur bristling)

The cubs?! Are they okay?

JASIRI

They’re shaken, but safe in the hidden tunnels for now. But Shenzi isn't just scavenging anymore, Kion. She’s testing our lines. If she realizes we are vulnerable, her whole pack will push out of the deep chasm to reclaim the Outlands.

KION

(His expression turning dead serious, his paws planting firmly in the dirt)

Not on our watch. The Pride Lands and the Hyena Resistance stand together. If Shenzi threatens the cubs, she threatens the Circle of Life. Fuli, Beshte, help Jasiri coordinate patrols along the lower gorges.

FULI

(Already crouched, tail twitching with anticipation)

On it. Nothing moves through those canyons without me spotting it.

JANJA

(Stepping up beside Kion, looking out over the dark valleys)

My boys know the tight cracks where her scouts like to squeeze through. If we mix your Guard's strength with our stealth, we can trap them before they even hit the border.

KION

Then let's set the line. We'll show Shenzi that the old ways of fear don't control the Outlands anymore.

SCENE END

Should the combined force **catch one of Shenzi's scouts attempting to cross**, leading to a tense standoff, or should **Nne and Tano use this alliance to engineer a high-tech border alarm system** using Outland geography?

You said: Shenzi banzai and ed sees wema and Tunu

Shenzi banzai and ed sees wema and Tunu

May 18, 2026

This meeting brings together the original trio from *The Lion King* and the youngest members of the modern Outlands clan. Since the original trio is famous for their classic animated dynamic, this interaction blends their signature bickering and manic energy with their dark, hungry instincts.

TITLE: THREE OLD GHOSTS

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - AFTERNOON

WEMA and **TUNU** are exploring a narrow, rocky trench near the border. They are searching for smooth pebbles, completely unaware of three shadows creeping along the ridge above them.

BANZAI

(Leaning over the ledge, squinting)

Hey, look down there, Shenzi. What do you see?

SHENZI

(Her eyes narrowing, a dangerous smirk on her face)

I see a couple of lost lunchboxes, Banzai. Small ones.

ED

(Begins to let out a manic, high-pitched cackle)

Heh-heh-heh! AHAHAHA!

BANZAI

(Whacking Ed over the head)

Shut up, Ed! You're gonna give away our position!

The noise alerts the cubs. Wema and Tunu gasp, dropping their pebbles as **SHENZI**, **BANZAI**, and **ED** leap down from the ridge, landing heavily in front of them and completely blocking the path out of the trench.

WEMA

(Whimpering, backing up against Tunu)

You're... you're the old ones from the cave drawings.

BANZAI

(Pacing around them, sniffing the air)

"Old"? Who are you calling old, kid? We’re classics! Though I gotta say, you two don't look like any Outland hyenas I know. Where’s the grit? Where’s the drool?

SHENZI

(Stepping forward, her imposing presence making the cubs flinch)

They belong to Jasiri’s pack, Banzai. The ones who play nice with the lions. They think a smile and a song will keep them fed in the dirt.

ED

(Nods furiously, biting his own leg and laughing wildly)

Gah-ha-ha!

TUNU

(Voice shaking, but trying to be brave)

Our... our Uncle Janja protects us! He’s the toughest hyena in the Outlands!

BANZAI

(Bursters out laughing)

Janja?! That little pup? The one who ran away from a bunch of badger farts? Oh, that’s rich!

SHENZI

(Leaning her face down close to Wema, her eyes cold and sharp)

Janja isn't here to protect you now, children. In our day, hyenas took whatever they wanted. We didn't ask for permission, and we certainly didn't make friends with the meat.

She lets out a low, predatory growl that rattles the loose stones, her sharp teeth glinting in the sun. Wema clenches her eyes shut, terrified.

BANZAI

(Grinning maliciously, his claws clicking against the rock)

So, what do you think, Shenzi? Do we take 'em back to the chasm, or do we have a little pre-dinner snack right here?

JANJA

(Roaring from the top of the trench)

HEY! CHICKEN-BONES!

JANJA drops down from the sky, landing heavily in the dirt between the trio and the cubs. His mane is completely bristled, and his teeth are fully bared. Behind him, **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** slide into defensive positions, growling loudly.

JANJA

(Voice raspy with rage)

You step away from them right now. Your time passed a long time ago. This is *my* territory.

SHENZI

(Slowly straightening up, entirely unbothered by Janja's entrance)

Well, well. Look who finally decided to show up.

SCENE END

Should **Janja and his boys challenge the original trio** to a fierce standoff to protect the cubs, or should **Jasiri arrive with the rest of the Resistance** to outnumber them and force a retreat?

You said: or should Jasiri arrive with the rest of the Resistance to outnumber them and force a retreat?

or should Jasiri arrive with the rest of the Resistance to outnumber them and force a retreat?

May 18, 2026

TITLE: THE STRENGTH OF THE CLAN

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - CONTINUOUS

BANZAI steps forward, his lip curled back over his teeth as he sizes up Janja, Cheezi, and Chungu.

BANZAI

You think you three pups can take the original trio? We ran these canyons before your parents were born!

ED

(Nods frantically, snapping his jaws and howling with manic glee)

Hee-hee-hee! HAHAHA!

JANJA

(Planting his paws firmly over the cubs)

I don’t care if you ran with the dinosaurs. You touch Wema or Tunu, and you’re gonna find out exactly how hard I can bite.

SHENZI

(Cold, deliberate)

Bold words, Janja. But you're still just three against three. And your boys look like they're about to pass out from fear.

She wasn't entirely wrong—**CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** were trembling, though they stubbornly held their ground. Shenzi lower her head, preparing to lunge.

Suddenly, a chorus of sharp, echoing barks rings out from the high ridges surrounding the trench.

JASIRI

(Shouting from above)

He isn't alone, Shenzi!

Shenzi, Banzai, and Ed snap their heads upward. The entire crest of the canyon is lined with the **Hyena Resistance**. **JASIRI**, **MADOA**, **VUMBI**, **NNE**, **TANO**, and dozens of other fierce, healthy hyenas look down into the trench, completely surrounding the original trio.

BANZAI

(Blinking, his confidence instantly vanishing)

Uh... Shenzi? That is a lot of spotted faces.

TANO

(Grinning down from a rock)

Aye, mate. According to my math, you're currently outnumbered exactly twelve to one.

NNE

(Tapping a slate)

Correction: thirteen to one if we factor in Janja's current elevated adrenaline levels. The probability of your survival if you engage is approximately zero point zero three percent.

JASIRI

(Leaping down effortlessly, landing gracefully right next to Janja)

We told you before, Shenzi. The old days of lone scavengers turning on each other are over. We are a clan. We protect our own.

SHENZI

(Glaring at the massive wall of hyenas, her eyes narrowing as she realizes she has completely lost the tactical advantage)

You think numbers make you safe, Jasiri? The lions will eventually turn on you. They always do.

JASIRI

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. But right now? You're crossing the border back to your chasm.

Vumbi lets out a booming, echoing roar from the ridge, and the entire Resistance lets out a synchronized, intimidating snarl that rattles the canyon walls.

BANZAI

(Nudging Shenzi, backing away slowly)

Yeah, you know what? I think I left the stove on in the graveyard. We should probably go check on that.

ED

(Whimpers, tucking his tail and pointing back toward the border)

Heh... heh...

Shenzi holds Jasiri's gaze for one final, freezing second. She scowls deeply, then spins around, leaping back up the low rocks. Banzai and Ed scramble frantically behind her, tripping over their own paws to keep up with their matriarch as they retreat into the gray fog of the Deep Chasm.

WEMA

(Peeking out from behind Janja's leg)

They ran away! They ran away like big scruffy puppies!

JANJA

(Letting out a long breath, his shoulders finally dropping as he smirks)

Yeah. Because they're living in the past, kiddo. And the past can't keep up with us.

SCENE END

THE END

The original trio was completely outmatched by the modern unity of the Resistance!

What should we explore for our **next adventure**?

- A fun cooldown where **Wema and Tunu try to mimic Ed's crazy laugh**, driving Janja completely insane.
- A story where **Vumbi helps Janja set up permanent border traps** to ensure Shenzi never sneaks across again.
- Let me know if you have a **different character or idea** you want to pitch!

You said: wema and Tunu create a clone copy of Janja and his clan

wema and Tunu create a clone copy of Janja and his clan

May 18, 2026

TITLE: THE TWIN CLAN TAUNT

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - AFTERNOON

WEMA and **TUNU** are standing near a shallow, muddy puddle surrounded by wet clay and mounds of gray volcanic ash. They have spent the last hour working furiously with their paws, and the results are lined up against the rock wall.

It is a complete, life-sized set of clay and mud replicas of **JANJA**, **CHEEZI**, and **CHUNGU**.

The "Janja Clone" has a jagged mohawk made of dry acacia brush and a highly exaggerated, crooked smirk carved into its mud muzzle. The "Cheezi Clone" features giant, looping ears made of flat stone flakes and a long blade of dry grass hanging out of its mouth to mimic his tongue. The "Chungu Clone" is just a massive, round boulder smeared with dark mud and two tiny pebbles for eyes.

WEMA

(Stepping back, wiping mud off her nose)

Perfect. It looks exactly like him when Kion yells at him.

TUNU

(Inspecting the Cheezi clone)

Wait, it needs more drool.

Tunu dumps a small splash of muddy water right over the Cheezi replica’s snout.

JANJA

(Voice echoing from the ridge above)

What in the name of the Outlands are you two rugrats doing down there?

JANJA, **CHEEZI**, and **CHUNGU** slide down the rocky embankment, stopping dead in their tracks as they come face-to-face with their mud twins.

JANJA

(Blinking, staring at his clone)

Is... is that supposed to be me? Why is my mouth twisted up like I just ate a sour scorpion?

CHUNGU

(Walking over to the boulder clone, looking offended)

Hey! I’m not that round, am I? Janja, tell 'em I’m not a boulder!

CHEEZI

(Giggling hysterically, poking his own clay twin)

Look, Janja! Mud-Me has a grass tongue! It looks just like me when I'm thinking!

JANJA

(Face-pawing)

Cheezi, that's not a compliment. (He turns to the cubs, narrowing his eyes playfully) Alright, what’s the tactical angle here, kids? Why did you build a fake clan?

WEMA

(Giggling)

It’s for the **Double Deception** tactic! If Shenzi comes back, she’ll see these guys first and start talking to them!

TUNU

Yeah! And while she’s waiting for Mud-Janja to answer her, the real Janja can sneak up from behind and give her a giant nose-kick!

JANJA

(A genuine smirk spreading across his face as he looks at the clay replicas)

You know... mathematically, that’s actually not the worst plan you’ve ever had. Nne and Tano would probably call it a "highly probable decoy maneuver."

CHUNGU

(Still poking the boulder)

Can we keep them, Janja? They don't eat any of the buffalo ears.

JANJA

(Laughing, pulling the cubs into a quick hug)

No, Chungu, we aren't keeping the mud puppets. Come on, you two artists. Let's get you back to the den before the sun bakes "Mud-Janja" into a permanent glare.

SCENE END

THE END

Should we see **Shenzi's scouts actually fall for the mud decoys** on the next patrol, or should **Jasiri find the clones** and tease Janja about how accurate his crooked smile is? Let me know **what happens next**!

You said: Should we see Shenzi's scouts actually fall for the mud decoys on the next patrol, or should Jasiri find the clones and tease Janja about how accurate his crooked smile is?

> Should we see Shenzi's scouts actually fall for the mud decoys on the next patrol, or should Jasiri find the clones and tease Janja about how accurate his crooked smile is?

May 18, 2026

TITLE: THE PERFECT IMITATION

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - LATER

The clay models have dried under the hot Outlands sun. **JASIRI** strolls down the canyon pathway, humming a light tune. She rounds the corner and freezes, stumbling over a loose rock as she comes face-to-face with the mud replicas.

She blinks, looking from the crooked-mouthed clay figure to the real **JANJA**, who is sitting on a nearby boulder with his arms crossed, watching her with a flat expression.

JASIRI

(Bursting into a fit of unstoppable laughter)

Oh... oh my goodness, Janja! I didn't know you had a twin brother!

JANJA

(Grumbling, ears pinning back)

Ha, ha. Very funny, Jasiri. The cubs built it. It’s a "strategic decoy."

JASIRI

(Walking circles around the clay model, examining the highly exaggerated, twisted sneer)

Strategic? Janja, this is art! Look at the expression. They captured your exact look whenever Kion tells you that you can't hunt the zebras. It’s absolutely perfect.

JANJA

(Defensive)

My mouth does *not* look like that! My smirk is classic! It’s menacing! This thing looks like it has a toothache!

WEMA

(Popping out from behind a rock with **TUNU**)

We used extra pointy sticks for his teeth, Jasiri!

TUNU

And we gave Mud-Chungu a big tummy!

JASIRI

(Nudging the clay Janja playfully)

Well, kids, you did an incredible job. Honestly, Janja, if you ever get tired of patrolling the border, we can just leave this statue here. I doubt anyone would notice the difference. It might actually be a little politer than you are.

JANJA

(Leaping down from his boulder, a mock-furious grin on his face)

Alright, that's it! The real Janja is deploying **The Ultimate Tickle Ambush**!

He lunges forward, and the cubs instantly scatter into the rocks, squealing and giggling with delight as Janja chases them in circles around their mud masterpieces. Jasiri watches them, her laughter softening into a warm, proud smile.

SCENE END

THE END

What a wonderful way to bring the mud clone saga to a close!

Where should the Resistance go from here?

- Should **Vumbi try to build a mud clone of herself** to see if she can look just as "majestic"?
- Should we start a **brand-new high-stakes adventure** where the clan uncovers an old underground tunnel leading to a forgotten part of the Pride Lands?
- Let me know if you have a **different character or show** you'd like to dive into next!

You said: Should we see Shenzi's scouts actually fall for the mud decoys on the next patrol,

> Should we see Shenzi's scouts actually fall for the mud decoys on the next patrol,

May 19, 2026

TITLE: THE DECOY DECEPTION

EXT. JAGGED CANYON - NEXT DAY

The midday heat creates a thick haze over the canyon. The clay replicas of Janja, Cheezi, and Chungu stand perfectly still against the rock wall, completely dried and baked by the sun.

High up on a hidden ledge, **JANJA**, **JASIRI**, **WEMA**, and **TUNU** look down through a narrow split in the rocks, keeping their voices to a low whisper.

JANJA

(Whispering)

Alright, hold your breath. Look down the western path.

Two of Shenzi’s scouts—lean, battle-scarred hyenas with their ears pinned back—creep slowly around the bend. They are moving in a cautious, predatory skulk. Suddenly, the lead scout freezes, his yellow eyes locking onto the mud decoys.

SCOUT #1

(Hissing to his partner)

Hold it! Look there. It’s Janja and his boys. They’re just... standing there.

SCOUT #2

(Squinting through the heat haze)

They aren't even moving. Look at Janja’s face. He’s giving us that crooked sneer of his. He thinks he’s so tough.

SCOUT #1

(Growling, baring his teeth)

He’s mocking us! Hey, Janja! The Matriarch told you to stay away from our chasm! You hear me?!

The mud decoy remains completely silent, its twig-mohawk catching a light breeze.

SCOUT #2

(Nudging the other)

Wait a minute... why isn't Cheezi laughing? Usually, that lunatic is rolling around in the dirt by now. And Chungu looks... remarkably solid today. Like a rock.

SCOUT #1

(Stalking closer, bristling with anger)

I don't care! I’m gonna knock that smirk right off his ugly face!

The scout lunges forward, delivering a heavy swat directly to the clay Janja’s muzzle. **CRACK!** The mud head shatters into a dozens of dry pieces, sending dust flying everywhere.

SCOUT #1

(Blinking, covered in gray ash, looking at his paw)

What the—? He’s made of dirt!

JANJA

(Roaring from the ledge above)

AND YOU’RE MADE OF TROUBLE!

Janja and Jasiri leap down from the high rocks, landing heavily right in front of the startled scouts. From the side paths, Cheezi and Chungu burst out, barking loudly and kicking up a massive wall of dust.

JASIRI

(Dropping into a low, lethal fighting stance)

You’re out of your territory, boys. And you just fell for a trick made by toddlers.

SCOUT #2

(Tucking his tail in panic)

It’s a trap! The rocks are alive!

The two scouts spin on their heels, completely terrified by the sudden ambush, and scramble frantically back up the ravine, tripping over each other as they sprint toward the safety of the Deep Chasm.

WEMA & TUNU

(Sliding down the dirt path, cheering and hopping)

It worked! The mud clones won the battle!

JANJA

(Brushing a bit of clay dust off his shoulder, a massive, genuine smirk on his face)

I gotta hand it to you, kids. That was a Grade-A tactical diversion. Next time, we build a whole army of 'em!

SCENE END

THE END

The decoys worked perfectly, keeping the border safe and giving the cubs a huge victory!

What should our **next adventure** be?

- Should **Vumbi try to train the cubs** in a more "military-style" defense program, leading to more comedy?
- Should the **Lion Guard discover the mud clones** and get completely confused by them?
- Propose a **brand-new idea** you want to explore next!

You said: Should the Lion Guard discover the mud clones and get completely confused by them?

> Should the Lion Guard discover the mud clones and get completely confused by them?

May 19, 2026

TITLE: THE SILENT GUARDIANS

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - MORNING

The morning sun has just broken over the horizon. **KION**, **FULI**, **BESHTE**, **BUNGA**, and **ONO** are on a routine border patrol, trotting through the narrow stone passageways.

Ono is flying a few feet ahead. Suddenly, he stops mid-air, his wings flapping frantically as his eyes widen behind his crest.

ONO

(Shouting)

Kion! Hold up! We've got an Outlands presence directly on the path. It's... Janja and his clan. [1]

KION

(Instantly dropping into a defensive stance, his paws planting in the dirt)

Janja? What is he doing on this side of the ridge? Guard, form up!

The Lion Guard slides around the rocky bend, ready for a standoff. They plant themselves exactly ten feet away from the figures standing against the cliff wall.

It is the mud models of Janja, Cheezi, and Chungu. [1, 2]

BUNGA

(Bristling, baring his teeth)

Alright, Janja! We see you! Whatever dirty trick you're planning, it's not gonna work!

The mud Janja remains completely motionless, its acacia-brush mohawk swaying slightly in the breeze. The twisted, crooked sneer carved into its mud muzzle stares blankly back at them.

KION

(Narrowing his eyes, taking a cautious step forward)

Janja? ...Are you listening to me?

FULI

(Squinting, her tail twitching with confusion)

Wait a minute. Look at Cheezi. He hasn't blinked once. And his tongue... is that a blade of grass?

BESHTE

(Walking closer, tilting his head)

And Chungu looks... well, he looks really solid today, guys. Like, *literally* solid. Like a big round boulder.

BUNGA

(Marching right up to the Chungu clone and poking it hard with a claw)

Hey! Wake up, fur-brain! (He taps it again. A hollow **THUD** echoes) Hey... this guy isn't furry at all. He’s just mud and rocks!

KION

(Walking up to the Janja model, sniffing it)

It’s completely dry. It’s a statue. Someone built a clone copy of them out of volcanic ash and river clay.

ONO

(Landing on top of the clay Janja’s head, looking thoroughly perplexed)

Gasp! But *why*? Why would anyone spend hours constructing a photorealistic, highly exaggerated mud replica of a hyena clan? It defies all geographical logic!

JANJA

(Voice echoing from a ledge above, dripping with smug satisfaction)

It’s called *tactical art*, bird-brain.

JANJA and **JASIRI** leap down from the ridge, landing smoothly beside the bewildered Lion Guard. Behind them, **WEMA** and **TUNU** pop out from a bush, giggling and covered in dried mud.

JASIRI

(Grinning)

The cubs built them as a border defense. And honestly, Kion, they actually worked. Two of Shenzi's scouts fell for them yesterday and ran away screaming.

KION

(Blinking, looking from the real Janja to the mud Janja)

They... fell for a pile of dirt?

JANJA

(Strutting over, proudly adjusting the twig-mohawk on his mud twin)

Hey, don't underestimate the power of the smirk, Kion. This baby right here has a ninety-eight percent success rate in psychological warfare. Ask Nne, he did the math.

FULI

(Rolling her eyes, a smirk playing on her own lips)

Well, I have to admit, Janja... the mud version looks a lot like you. Especially the grumpy expression.

JANJA

(Defensive)

I am *not* that grumpy!

WEMA

(Running up and hugging Janja's leg)

He's not grumpy, Fuli! He's just *edgy*!

The entire Lion Guard breaks out into a chorus of laughter, the tension of the morning completely melting away as the sun bakes the silent, mud guardians of the canyon.

SCENE END

THE END

The Lion Guard got a healthy dose of Outlands creativity! Now that the entire border is secured and the mud clones are a certified hit, what should our next adventure focus on?

- Should **Bunga try to build a mud clone of himself** to prove he can look just as "majestic" as Janja?
- Should **Vumbi take the cubs on a training mission** to gather more materials for a whole "mud army"?
- Propose a **brand-new character or plotline** to dive into!

3 sites

- Ono | The Lion Guard Wiki | Fandom
  Ono lands next to Kion Kion eventually manages to paddle to safety and onto land and Ono lands beside him. The egret voices his co...

  The Lion Guard Wiki
- Wildebeests | The Lion Guard Wiki | Fandom
  Janja's New Crew After a storm leaves the Pride Lands (the Pride Lands) in a state, Janja plans to use the mud to his advantage,

  The Lion Guard Wiki
- Kion | The Lion King Wiki | Fandom
  Shortly afterward, Cheezi and Chungu got caught up in a mudslide in the Pride Lands, and the Lion Guard came to their aid, rescuin...

The Lion King Wiki | Fandom

You said: Janjas birthday

Janjas birthday

May 19, 2026

This is the ultimate test of Janja's "reformed" status—the very first time in his entire life that anyone has ever celebrated his birthday. In the Outlands, birthdays usually mean absolutely nothing, so the clan has to figure out how to make it special for their favorite grumpy leader.

TITLE: THE RESOURCEFUL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - MAIN DEN - MORNING

JANJA wakes up with a massive yawn, stretching his front paws out into the dirt. He steps out of his sleeping corner, expecting the usual morning chaos. Instead, the den is completely silent.

JANJA

(Blinking, looking around)

Hello? Cheezi? Chungu? Don't tell me you fur-brains went and got yourselves trapped by the Lion Guard before breakfast.

Suddenly, a massive chorus of voices explodes from behind the main boulder.

EVERYONE

SURPRISE!

JASIRI, **CHEEZI**, **CHUNGU**, **NNE**, **TANO**, and **VUMBI** all lunge out from the shadows. **WEMA** and **TUNU** launch themselves from a high ledge, landing straight onto Janja's midsection with a synchronized, high-power birthday hug.

WEMA & TUNU

(Shouting happily)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, UNCLE JANJA!

JANJA

(With a loud "**OOF!**" as he hits the ground)

Gah! My ribs! Is this... is this a hostile takeover? What is happening right now?!

JASIRI

(Walking over, grinning widely)

Relax, Janja. It’s the anniversary of the day you arrived in the Outlands. A birthday celebration! We talked to Kion and the Guard, and they told us how animals in the Pride Lands do it.

JANJA

(Sitting up, dusting off his mane while the cubs cling to his arms)

A birthday? We’re hyenas! We don't do birthdays! We do... scavenging, and patrolling, and looking tough!

CHUNGU

(Proudly stepping forward, holding a massive, hollowed-out log)

We made you a cake, Janja! The Pride Landers use sweet fruits, but we used our own recipe!

Chungu presents the log. Inside is a massive pile of prime, extra-crunchy, dried buffalo ears, beautifully arranged in the shape of a pyramid, topped with a single, glowing firefly inside a small seed pod.

CHEEZI

(Giggling and drooling)

It’s the premium merchandise! We didn't even steal them from your vault this time! We actually found them ourselves!

JANJA

(Staring at the pile of buffalo ears, his eyes widening)

My... my emergency stash? You went out and restocked it for me?

NNE

(Checking his slate)

According to my calculations, the probability of you complaining about a lack of resources has now dropped by eighty-five percent for the next three days.

TANO

Happy birthday, mate. You earned it.

VUMBI

(Crossing her arms, leaning against the cave wall with a rare smirk)

I still think the whole concept is incredibly soft, little brother. But... if it means we get to eat premium snacks, I suppose I can tolerate it once a year.

WEMA

(Handing him a small piece of clay)

Look, Janja! We made you a tiny mud clone to guard your breakfast!

Janja looks at the tiny mud statue, then at the massive pile of buffalo ears, and finally at the smiling faces of his entire clan. His sharp, grumpy expression completely melts. He lets out a soft, genuine chuckle and pulls Wema and Tunu close to his side.

JANJA

(Voice a little raspy, but full of warmth)

You guys are completely ridiculous. All of you. (He smirks, his ears twitching happily) But... I gotta admit. The Janja System highly approves of this "birthday" variable. Dig in, everyone!

The entire den explodes into a chorus of happy hyena laughter and crunching sounds as the clan celebrates the best leader the Outlands has ever seen.

SCENE END

THE END

Janja's very first birthday was a massive tactical success! How should we advance the story from here?

- Should **Kion and the Lion Guard arrive** with a surprise birthday gift from the Pride Lands (like a prime watermelon)?
- Should **Cheezi and Chungu try to sing a special "Hyena Birthday Song"** that goes completely off-key and chaotic?
- Propose a **brand-new adventure** for the clan!

You said: Should Janja and his boys challenge the original trio to a fierce standoff to protect the cubs

> Should Janja and his boys challenge the original trio to a fierce standoff to protect the cubs

May 20, 2026

TITLE: THE FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - CONTINUOUS

BANZAI steps forward, his lip curling back over his teeth as he sizes up Janja, Cheezi, and Chungu.

BANZAI

You think you three pups can take the original trio? We ran these canyons before your parents were born!

ED

(Nods frantically, snapping his jaws and howling with manic glee)

Hee-hee-hee! HAHAHA!

JANJA

(Planting his paws firmly over the cubs, his mane bristling with raw fury)

I don't care if you ran with the dinosaurs. You touch Wema or Tunu, and you're gonna find out exactly how hard a *reformed* hyena can bite. Cheezi! Chungu! Form the perimeter!

CHUNGU

(Stepping up, his massive chest puffed out, trembling but resolute)

For the cubs, Janja! Nobody touches the kids! [1]

CHEEZI

(Baring his teeth, his usual goofy laugh replaced by a low, dangerous growl)

Yeah! Back off, old-timers!

SHENZI

(Cold, deliberate, dropping low into a lethal 2019-style stance)

Bold words, Janja. But you are weak. You have let the lions tame you. Let's see if your teeth match your bark.

Shenzi lunges first, a blur of scarred leather and muscle. Janja sidesteps her with a quick Outland maneuver, snapping his jaws inches from her neck. Meanwhile, Banzai charges Chungu, the two heavy hyenas colliding with a loud **CRASH** that echoes off the canyon walls.

Ed leaps toward Cheezi, cackling wildly as they scramble in the dust, snapping and twisting in a frantic blur.

WEMA

(Huddling behind a rock with **TUNU**)

Go, Uncle Janja! Knock his smirk off!

Janja and Shenzi circle each other, teeth bared. Shenzi delivers a heavy swat that sweeps Janja's legs out, but Janja uses his momentum to roll, kicking his back legs out to catch her squarely in the chest. Shenzi stumbles back, her yellow eyes widening in genuine surprise at his fierce, protective strength.

JANJA

(Panting, standing firmly between Shenzi and the cubs)

I’m not fighting for Scar, Shenzi! I’m fighting for them! And that means I’m not running away!

Before the original trio can mount a second attack, the sound of a roaring thud echoes from the ridge above as **JASIRI** and the rest of the Resistance arrive, completely flanking the canyon. Realizing they are now outnumbered and outmatched by Janja's sheer resolve, Shenzi scowls deeply. [1]

SHENZI

(Pulling back, her voice a dangerous hiss)

This isn't over, Janja. Protect your meat while you can.

With a sharp flick of her tail, Shenzi commands the retreat. Banzai and Ed scramble behind her, disappearing back into the gray fog of the Deep Chasm.

SCENE END

Should we finish this epic showdown with **Jasiri praising Janja's bravery**, or should the cubs **give Janja a giant, grateful victory hug** for protecting them?

2 sites

- Janja/Synopsis | Villains Wiki | Fandom
  After trailing Ono to the grazing ground, Cheezi and Chungu begin to grow impatient. Janja tells them to wait until he says go, bu...

  Villains Wiki

- Janja | The Lion Guard Wiki | Fandom
  Janja, Cheezi, and Chungu are looking for the jackals with hopes of persuading to join Scar's side. Jasiri stops them and mocks Ja...

  The Lion Guard Wiki

You said: Janja sings a comforting song for wema and Tunu

Janja sings a comforting song for wema and Tunu

May 20, 2026

This is the ultimate milestone in Janja's transformation. After keeping the cubs safe from the original trio, the adrenaline fades, leaving Wema and Tunu trembling from the close call. For the first time ever, Janja has to use his voice not to command an attack, but to heal.

TITLE: THE SCARRED LULLABY

EXT. THE OUTLANDS - JAGGED CANYON - CONTINUOUS

The dust from the battle settles. **SHENZI**, **BANZAI**, and **ED** are long gone, but the air still feels heavy. **WEMA** and **TUNU** step out from behind the rock, their little shoulders shaking. The tough faces of the original trio have left them completely shaken.

JANJA drops his fighting stance, his bristled mane relaxing. He immediately lowers himself to the dirt, opening his front paws.

JANJA

(Voice soft, a little raspy from the screaming)

Hey. Come here, you two. The border is clear. They’re gone.

The cubs don't run this time; they stumble forward and bury themselves into his chest, whimpering quietly. **CHEEZI** and **CHUNGU** watch from a few feet away, their own ears drooping in sympathy.

TUNU

(Sniffling against Janja's scruffy fur)

They were so scary, Uncle Janja... They said we were just food...

JANJA

(Pressing his muzzle gently against Tunu's ear)

I know, kiddo. I know. But they don't know anything about who we are. Look at me.

The cubs peek up through watery eyes. Janja clears his throat, looking around awkwardly for a second as if making sure the sky isn't watching. Then, in a low, surprisingly gravelly but warm tone, he begins to hum. It’s the same melody they sang to him on the cliffs, but deepened by his rough voice.

He begins to sing, a bit hesitant at first, but growing steadier with every word:

(JANJA)

The shadows can howl, and the canyons can ring,

But they don't hold the power of a pride or a king.

The old ones can snarl, and the dark lines can blur,

But you’re safe in the circle of family and fur.

He shifts his weight, wrapping his tail completely around them like a protective barrier.

(JANJA)

So close your eyes tight, let the shaking subside,

The pack is right here, and I'm right by your side.

The past has no teeth, and the monsters can’t stay,

We’ll chase every shadow and phantom away.

By the end of the verse, **WEMA**’s breathing has slowed down completely. She lets out a tiny, hiccuping yawn, her head resting heavily on Janja's front paw.

TUNU

(Whispering, his eyes half-closed)

Your singing is... very rumbly, Uncle Janja. Like a thunderstorm.

JANJA

(A genuine, gentle smirk breaking across his face)

Yeah, well... consider it a tactical thunderstorm, rugrat. It keeps the bad dreams away.

CHUNGU

(Wiping a massive tear from his own eye with a paw)

That was beautiful, Janja. My spleen feels totally warm inside.

JANJA

(Grumbling playfully)

Shut up, Chungu. Keep your eyes on the perimeter while I carry these two back to the den.

Janja carefully shifts the sleeping cubs onto his back, standing up slowly so he doesn't disturb them, and begins the quiet march home under the setting Outlands sun.

SCENE END

THE END

Janja’s rough voice turned out to be the perfect shield against the cubs' fears!

How should we wrap up this grand chapter of the Resistance?

- Should we see **Jasiri’s reaction** when Cheezi and Chungu tell her that Janja sang a lullaby?
- Should **Vumbi decide to give Janja a playful hard time** about his hidden musical talents?
- Propose a **brand-new adventure** for the clan!

Cartoons » Bluey Rated: K+, English, Romance & Humor, Bluey, Bingo, Chilli/Mum, Bandit/Dad, Words: 5k+, Favs: 12, Follows: 3, Published: Feb 12, 2024

5

The sun was setting over the Heeler house when the heelers car rolled up on the driveway with Chilli being the only one in it. She was very exhausted after a long day and was relieved to finally be home. Once she entered the house and closed the door, she let out a loud sigh and slumped down once again showing her exhaustion. She was about to get up when suddenly-

Kids and Bandit: SURPRISE!

Chilli: *jumps up in surprise* AHHH!

Bluey and Bingo: Happy anniversary Mum!

Chilli wasn't expecting this. She really was surprised by what just happened now. Her entire family had just jumped out of nowhere to surprise her saying it was an anniversary. She then noticed her husband, Bandit, come up to her holding a bouquet of

flowers. He had a smile on his face but his eyes were ones of sadness. She didn't understand why until he spoke.

Bandit: Happy anniversary babe. And I just wanna say I'm really sorry for forgetting our most important day ever. You must have felt very hurt when I forgot about it. But I wanna let you know, I love you Chilli, and I would do anything for you.

As Bandit spoke, the smile on Bandit's face disappeared showing he was actually ashamed of himself for what he did. Chilli on the other hand was filled with so many questions as she wasn't expecting this.

Chilli: Bandit, what are you talking about?

Bandit: Well let me explain the story.

As Bandit began to tell the story, the scene flashed back to earlier that morning where Bluey was in the living room practicing her drawing. Thanks to the encouragement of her mother from the whole dragon drawing adventure. Bluey was determined to do better at drawing. She had just finished making a drawing of herself with more improved fairy wings from the last one she made. She then noticed her dad entering the room dancing around.

Bluey: Hey Dad, look at this drawing of myself.

Bandit stop dancing to take a look at what Bluey drew. He was really impressed at how much progress Bluey made on her drawing skills thanks to Chilli.

Bandit: Wow, that's great, Bluey. I like the new fairy wings.

Bluey: Yeah, the old ones do look like a sandwich like you said, so I wanted to look at what fairy wings look like and I think I did good.

Bandit: Yeah, sorry about saying they looked like a sandwich before. I didn't mean to discourage you.

Bluey: It's alright. I know you didn't mean to do that.

Bluey then got an idea.

Bluey: Hey, you get Mum and I'll get Bingo, and we can do another drawing adventure like last time!

Bandit: Sounds like a great idea Blue cheese.

Bluey giggled as she went to find Bingo as Bandit went to get Chilli. She was in the kitchen and looked exhausted and stressed out about something as Bandit walked in.

Bandit: Hey babe, bluey was wondering if you wanna-

Chilli: BANDIT, NOT NOW!

Chilli aggressively turned to her husband shouting those words at him and gave them that angry look famously known in the Heeler household whenever Bandit or the kids did something to make her mad. Not wanting to disturb his wife anymore than she already was, Bandit slowly backed away out of the kitchen as Chilli turned around to rub her temples on the side of her head.

Meanwhile Bluey was talking with Bingo about some ideas for the drawing story they wanted to play with their parents.

Bingo: So, Dad could draw a car, and then I'll draw a unicorn inside it to make it look like it's driving.

Bluey: *Giggles* that's funny Bingo.

The two laughed at the concept as Bandit came back in with a worried look on his face for Chilli.

Bingo: Dad, where's Mum?

Bandit: Uhhh, your Mum doesn't want to be bothered right now kids.

Bluey: Why? Did you make her mad?

Bandit: No, Of course not. At least I don't think I did anything.

Bingo: Was it something me or bluey did?

Bandit: I doubt it.

Chilli then walked by the living room still with an annoyed face on her. Bandit was about to say something but decided against it not wanting to bother her. Chilli then turned around to the others.

Chilli: I need to head out for a few hours. I don't have time to explain why, I'll tell you when I get back.

She then headed out the door as Bandit, Bluey, and Bingo watched from the window as Chilli was ranting about something. They couldn't make out what it was as she got in the car, and drove off. The rest of the family was baffled as to why Chilli was so angry today.

Bluey: I don't understand. What's wrong with Mum?

Bandit: I dunno kid, I was just gonna ask if she wanted to join in on the game and she—

Bandit then had a sudden realization on his face after thinking of the many possibilities of why Chilli was mad at him.

Bandit: Girls, what's today?

Bingo: It's the weekend. Why?

Bandit then rushed to the calendar and scanned over this month's weekends and gasped in shock when he found a particular Saturday that was a reminder he himself wrote. He took a few steps back and sat on the floor curling up similar to when he thought he messed up the duck cake for Bingo's birthday. Bluey and Bingo came in to check on him and Bluey was more than familiar with the position her father was in.

Bandit: Oh no.

Bluey: What is it dad?

Bandit: No wonder your Mum's upset with me. I forgot today's our wedding anniversary.

Bluey and Bingo: Ohhhhh.

Bandit: I can't believe I forgot. I've always made sure to always remember this day.

Bluey and Bingo comforted their father, feeling sympathy for him.

Bluey: It'll be alright Dad. I'm sure you didn't mean to.

Bingo: Yeah, lots of Dads forget their wedding anniversaries.

Bandit: where did you learn that?

Bluey: TV. The husband usually forgets the anniversary, the wife gets mad, the husband sets up a huge anniversary celebration, and the wife forgives him.

Bingo: You're just one out of this many who have forgotten.

Bandit somewhat took comfort in his kids words, but was still mainly devastated that he forgot the most important day of his life. Now he believes Chilli is upset with him and he wants nothing more than to make up for his ignorance.

Bandit: Well now I remember. I need to make it up to your mother, girls. This day is very important to her and she deserves to be happy.

Bluey: Yeah! And we can help you with it.

Bingo: Hooray!

Bandit smiled and hugged his kids with a look of both love for his kids and determination to make today amazing for his wife. A few minutes later, Bluey and Bingo set up a pretend therapy session with Bandit laying on the couch while Bingo was wearing a tie, glasses, and a fake mustache, and Bluey was only wearing a bow tie, Both of them pretending to be therapists for Bandit.

Bluey: Now Mr. Dad, what is it about Mum that you love so much about her?

Bandit: Hehe, what's not to love about her? She always knows what to say to me whenever I have a bad day. She encourages me to be the best of myself, and helps push me in the right direction whenever I act out of line. She's also the most beautiful woman I've ever met. Sometimes she would asks if she looks good in certain makeup she tries on or whenever she gets a new outfit. But no matter what she wears or how she looks, she'll always be the most beautiful woman to me no matter what. I love her the way she is and would never change a single thing about her.

Bluey: It sounds like you love Mum very much, Mr. Dad. As if you see her as a princess.

Bandit: More than that actually. To me, she is a queen.

Bluey and Bingo: ooooooooo.

Bingo: Now, next question, you said you always made sure to always remember your anniversary. Why did you forgot today?

Bandit: That's an easy one, the busyness of life. I knew our anniversary was important to her, so on the day we got married, I made a vow that I would always remember this day and every year until today, I've always made sure to remember. That was the easy part, the hard part was trying to make that day special for her. But despite the mistakes I made attempting to do that, I've always managed. It's that today, I guess I got so wound up over the busyness of life, I forgot about today. I wish that I didn't.

Bandit sighed in sadness over that thought as bluey and bingo pretended to write that down when in reality it was just scribbles on the paper, but they were listening. They whispered among themselves for a few moments until they came up with a solution.

Bluey: If that's true, the the answer is easy Mr. Dad. If you want to make it up to Mum, give her a gift from the heart.

Bingo: If your love for her is real, then you should make something for her to show how much you love her.

Bandit: Make something eh? Hmmmm.

Bandit thought for a moment wondering what he could make for Chilli to show how much he loves her and show he really does care for their anniversary. It was a few seconds till he then got an idea.

Bandit: I got it!

Bluey: What is it?

Bandit: It's a surprise. I'll be right back.

He then headed to the living room and grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper that Bluey had on the table. He then went to the dining room and began to draw. Bluey and Bingo were curious of what their father could possibly be drawing. He had to erase some mistakes a few times as he had recently got back into drawing thanks to seeing Chilli encouraging Bluey to keep on practicing. He decided to keep on practicing as well but was mainly focused on drawing cars. This time, he had a vision of what he wanted this drawing to be and was determined to make it as perfect as he possibly could.

After a couple of hours, Bandit felt like he completed the drawing as best as he possibly could. He wanted to get a second opinion on it so he called in his kids.

Bandit: Ok girls, it's finished.

Bluey and Bingo headed to the dining room to see what the drawing was that their father made for their mother. Bandit held out the drawing to them so they could get a good look.

Bandit: Well, what do you think?

Bluey and Bingo looked at the drawing for a few seconds and then smiled at each other. Then smiled at their dad.

Bluey: Mums gonna love it!

Bingo: Yeah, Me and Bluey love it.

Bandit: You think so? I tried my best to make it look as good as possible but it might not be my best work.

Bluey: Don't worry dad. It's pretty good for someone who hasn't drawn in a long time.

Bandit: Thanks Bluey.

Bandit smiled at the compliment his daughter gave him on his drawing. He then folded the drawing and placed it in an envelope to give as a gift for Chilli.

Bandit: Ok, the present is ready. Who's ready to set up the house for an anniversary celebration!?

Bluey and Bingo: YEAH!

The rest of the day, Bandit, Bluey and Bingo set up decorations around the house, went to a garden store to find some beautiful flowers, and bandit even cooked dinner for him and Chilli with help from the girls. After a few hours, everything was set up when Bluey saw Chilli driving up to the house.

Bluey: Dad, Mums back!

Bandit: Ok girls, get ready, we gotta make sure she feels appreciated and loved.

Bingo: Should we pretend you planned this all along?

Bandit: No way, I know your Mum, she knows a lie when she sees one. I'm just gonna be honest and apologize for forgetting.

Bingo: Good idea Dad.

Bluey: Here she comes, get ready!

The story then cut to the present day where Bandit was finishing up the story.

Bandit: Then you came in and you know the rest. But again Chilli, I'm so sorry for forgetting our anniversary. I was such a bad husband to you today.

Bandit expression was still one of sadness as he looked up expecting a disappointing look in Chilli's eyes. But when he looked up, he was surprised to see Chilli's face was one of confusion and sudden realization.

Chilli: Wait a minute, so today's our wedding anniversary?

Bandit: Uhhh, yeah, and I forgot. the reason you were mad at me this morning?

Bluey: Yeah Mum, you shouted at him when we went to talk to you earlier.

Chilli: Um, could I see the calendar please?

They moved out of the way so Chilli could walk to the calendar. She looked over it and see that Bandit was right. Today really was their anniversary. Chilli gasped and took a few steps back. This time she was the one who was disappointed with herself. Bandit and the girls walked over to her to see if she was ok.

Chilli: Oh no.

Bandit: What is it?

Chilli: Bandit, I'm sorry. I forgot our anniversary too.

Bluey and Bingo: *gasp* WHAT!?

Bandit: Oh.

Bluey: Mum, how could you have forgotten your own wedding anniversary?

Bingo: Yeah, we expected dad to forget since lots of dads forget that, but mums always remember!

Chilli: Calm down girls, I didn't mean too.

Bandit: Hey, umm, girls?

Bluey: Did TV lie to us? Do Mums forget anniversaries too?

Bandit: Girls?

Chilli: Listen, I can explain!

Bingo: I can't believe TV would do such a thing!

Bandit: EVERYONE!

Bandit then took a deep breath to calm himself now that he had everyone's attention.

Bandit: Chill the beans for a minute.

Bandit had a question on his mind since Chilli revealed she forgot about today as well.

Bandit: Now Chilli, if you weren't mad at me for forgetting our anniversary since you forgot as well, why were you mad at me this morning?

Chilli: Well, I wasn't mad at you Bandit, I was mad about something else. Let me explain my side of the story.

The scene then flashbacks to an airport where Chilli was working airport security. She was with a younger female Shiba Inu in her late 20s. Chilli was trying to show her the basics about the importance of checking people for any dangerous items. Chilli in press time narrates the events that unfolded.

Chilli: A couple of weeks ago, my boss hired a new recruit named Sheila to be a new security guard. She mainly got the job because my boss was friends with her family and they wanted to teach her the importance of hard work so they agreed to get her a job at the airport.

Chilli teaches her about basic airport security stuff but Sheila constantly drifts off to staring at her phone not paying attention to the lecture. Much to Chillis annoyance.

Chilli: Needless to say, she's not very passionate about it or realizes the responsibility the job holds.

The scene cuts back to the present where Bandit and the girls were listening to Chilli's story.

Bandit: I'm sorry you had to put up with that babe.

Bluey: I don't understand. Why would they give her a job if she's not gonna work?

Chilli: I don't know Bluey. Sometimes dogs don't understand the importance of hard work. Especially in a line of work like mine.

Chilli then continued the story as the family continued to listen.

Chilli: This kept going on for about two weeks, until today.

The scene transitions to earlier today as Chilli was waking up from bed while Bandit was in the shower. She went downstairs to make herself some coffee as Bluey was placing down some crayons, pencils and paper on the living room table ready to start drawing.

Past Bluey: Morning Mum.

Past Chilli: Morning sweetheart.

Chilli kissed her daughter on the forehead and then went to the kitchen so Bluey could continue her drawing. She made some coffee and began drinking it, letting her mind relax thinking about what today would bring without any knowledge that today was hers and Bandits wedding anniversary.

Chilli: Today was supposed to be my day off and after a busy week, I was ready for some relaxation, and ready to play whatever games you guys had in store for today to help me unwind and forget about the hectic week I've been having at work training a new recruit. But unfortunately…

As Chilli was drinking her coffee, her cellphone rang. She looked at the screen and saw it was work calling her.

Past Chilli: Oh no.

A part of Chilli didn't want to pick up the phone and just let it ring till it stopped since she really wanted today off with her family but then again it could be something very important. With no other choice she picked up the phone and decided to answer it.

Past Chilli: Hello?

Chilli: My boss called me to explain that Sheila had been fired for incompetence and not listening to my instructions. And because since everyone else that had today off was busy or sick, I had to fill in for her since they were short staffed on that day.

Chillis face turned into one of annoyance since she thought she finally had the day off but was now irritated that she had to go to work again all because Sheila couldn't grasp the importance of responsibility.

Past Chilli: *sighs* Ok I'll be there as soon as I can.

She hangs up the phone and then puts her hands on her face exhausted and stressed out as bandit walked in.

Past Bandit: Hey babe, bluey was wondering if you wanna-

Past Chilli: BANDIT, NOT NOW!

Chilli aggressively turned to her husband shouting those words at him and gave them that angry look famously known in the Heeler household whenever Bandit or the kids did something to make her mad. Not wanting to disturb his wife anymore than she already was, Bandit slowly backed away out of the kitchen as Chilli turned around to rub

her temples on the side of her head. She then grabbed her phone and drank the rest of her coffee.

Past Chilli: I can't believe I have to drive all the way to work on a Saturday! All the way to work!

She grabbed her purse and then walked by the living room still with an annoyed face on her. Bandit was about to say something but decided against it not wanting to bother her. Chilli then turned around to the others.

Past Chilli: I need to head out for a few hours. I don't have time to explain why, I'll tell you when I get back.

Chilli then headed out the door and began ranting about how unreliable Sheila was and how her boss only hired her just because he was friends with her family.

Past Chilli: Unbelievable. Sheila couldn't be responsible for just one day. She just had to not care about the importance of airport security. I can't believe he hired someone like her. I get wanting to help your friends but could you at least see if she really was interested or qualified!?

Chilli then got into the car still ranting about the inconvenience placed on her.

Past Chilli: I just wanted a nice day off and spend time with my family, but no, I'm apparently the only one available to take Sheila's place. Uggghh.

Chilli then drove off to work as the scene transition back to the present where Chilli was finishing up.

Chilli: So yeah, that's what happened.

Chilli felt ashamed for yelling at Bandit when he didn't deserve it. All because she couldn't control herself and explain to Bandit that she was stressed out. And worse, she forgot their wedding anniversary today, and Bandit and the girls worked so hard to prepare an amazing anniversary party for her all because of a misunderstanding.

Chilli: I'm so sorry for yelling at you bandit, and for forgetting our anniversary. You were in no way being a bad husband. You're an amazing one. If anything, I was the one being a bad wife to you.

Bandit felt sorry for Chilli as he looked at her sad face. She had been through enough and deserved a long rest after working so hard and dealing with a new employee who

didn't want that job in the first place. Bandit put down the flowers on the dresser and open his arms.

Bandit: Aw come here Chilli.

Bandit hugged her as Chilli leaned her head against his.

Bandit: I forgive you. And you are an amazing wife and always will be. Besides, It didn't give me any right to forget either, and I do regret it. I'm so sorry Chilli.

Chilli hugged him back to let him know everything is ok and to show him appreciation for what he did.

Chilli: I forgive you. It's like you said, important as our anniversary is, the busyness of life won't stop just so we can fully memorize what day it's on. I'm just happy you ended up remembering and I appreciate all the hard work you and girls did to make today special.

Bandit looked into Chilli's eyes and smiled as she did the same. Bluey then tapped him on the side to get his attention.

Bluey: Dad? Don't you have something to give to Mum?

Bandit: Oh, yeah.

Bandit then got the envelope and presented it to Chilli.

Bandit: There you are love. From me to you.

Chilli: Thanks honey. But I didn't get you anything.

Bandit: Don't worry about it. I'm happy as long as you are.

Chilli smiled and opened the envelope. She folded out the paper and saw that it was a drawing of her in Bandit's style. As a queen sitting on a throne, with Bandit himself kneeling before her. The top of the paper had a message for her which said "To my Queen, I promise I'll always love you. -Bandit.

Chilli smiled at her husband with tears in her eyes as Bandit rubbed the back of his head, not confident in his own drawing.

Bandit: I know it's not the best work I've done. I tried to get the details right but I understand if you think it doesn't look good.

Chilli: Hey, for someone who hasn't drawn in a long time and only recently got back into it, It's beautiful.

Bandit's tail wagged as he smiled. But Chilli wasn't finished with her comment.

Chilli: But I do have one criticism with this.

Bandit: Go ahead, I want to improve my drawing.

Chilli: Well, I think it's best if I showed you. Can I change it?

Bandit: Absolutely. It's all yours.

Chilli nodded and went to get a pencil and some crayons from the living room table since Bluey never tidied up since everyone was busy setting up the anniversary. Chilli then started erasing a bit of the picture and began drawing the improvements she believed it needed. Bandit and the girls were wondering what Chilli could be doing.

Bingo: What do you think Mum's drawing?

Bandit: I'm not sure bingo.

Bluey: yeeesh. It wasn't that bad.

Chilli: And done.

Chilli then returned the drawing to Bandit and he was surprised at what Chilli drew. While his drawing of Chilli remained untouched, the drawing of himself kneeling was erased and replaced with a drawing of him in Chilli's style, as a king sitting on another throne beside Chilli's. At the bottom was a message for him which said "And to my king, I promise I will always love you. -Chilli.

Bandit looked at Chilli with love in his eyes as Chilli did the same with him. He put the drawing on the dresser as he and Chilli hugged and kissed each other passionately. Bluey and Bingo looked on thinking it was romantic.

Bluey and Bingo: Awwwwwww.

Once the couple pulled away, Bluey and Bingo decided to pretend to be waiters for them.

Bluey: Well, shall we leave you two to smoochy kiss, or shall we escort you to your table this evening?

Chilli: oh, yes. To the table please. We have all night to smoochy kiss.

Bingo: Excellent, right this way. A delicious meal has been prepared by our finest chef.

Chilli then had a concerned look and whispered to Bandit as Bluey and Bingo walked to the dining room.

Chilli: Uh, Bingo didn't prepare her "special" again did she?

Bandit: Not to worry honey. I made dinner for the two of us, and they just helped out.

Chilli: *sighs in relief* Thank goodness. Don't get me wrong, I know it was Bingos first time making a meal, and it was very romantic of you eating it so I wouldn't have to, it's just the aftermath, that was a nightmare.

Chilli shutters at the memory of Bandit vomiting for a full 5 minutes as bandit himself laughs at it.

Bandit: Haha, I know. I was the one throwing up. But I do it all again for you.

Chilli: Well let's hope you won't have to.

Bandit: I probably will.

The two laughed while Chilli picked up the drawing to put it somewhere safe as the two headed to the dining room to have dinner together. Throughout the dinner, Chilli vents to Bandit about Sheila's incompetence and not listening to her instructions to do her job. Bandit carefully listened, wanting to get every detail and he felt bad that Chilli had to go through all of it.

Chilli: I mean seriously Sheila, didn't my boss or your family tell you the responsibility that you were given?

Bandit: Gee, you think that an orientation would help her realize how important her job was.

Chilli: Well I guess not everyone can truly understand its importance.

The two laughed together as Chilli felt all the stress from her busy couple of weeks washed away, thanks to Bandit remembering their anniversary that she even forgot. It was as if all the worries she had in the world weren't they're anymore.

Chilli: But seriously honey, thank you so much for this amazing anniversary. It feels like this is just what I needed after the weeks I've been having at work.

Bandit: of course babe. Like I told you before. I'd do anything for you.

Bandit and Chilli looked at each other lovingly, gazing into each other's eyes. Bluey and Bingo then walked up wanting to know how the anniversary dinner was going.

Bluey: So, did the lovely couple enjoy their meal?

Chilli: Oh yes. My compliments to the chef.

Bandit smiled, happy that Chilli enjoyed their meal.

Bingo: Well me and Bluey are going to get ready for bed. You stay here and enjoy yourselves.

Bandit: You squirts want us to help you out?

Bluey: Oh no,no,no,no. Don't let us stop you from your romantic evening. We'll get ready for bed ourselves. And we promise no tricks or games for tonight. Just brushing our teeth then straight to bed.

Bingo: We don't wanna bother you on your special evening.

Chilli: Thanks girls. Just call us if you need help with anything.

The family then all hugged each other for a few seconds before pulling away so Bluey and Bingo could get ready for bed while Chilli and Bandit enjoyed their anniversary. The girls then headed upstairs while Bandit and Chilli turned their attention to each other again.

Chilli: What would we do without them?

Bandit: Let's not worry about that till they're older. Let's focus on the now.

Chilli: Agreed.

Bandit then got an idea.

Bandit: Hang on chilli, let me try something.

Chilli: Oh, alright.

Bandit pulls out his phone and taps the music section. After a bit of scrolling, Only you can love me this way by Keith Urban begins to play. Chilli is surprised that Bandit had it on his phone.

Chilli: Wait, this is the song from when we had our first dance. You remembered it.

Bandit: I may have forgotten that our anniversary was today, but I will never forget our first dance, not even the song we danced to.

Chilli smiled with tears of happiness in her eyes as Bandit held his hand out to hers.

Bandit: May I have this dance?

Chilli: You may.

The two began slowly dancing to the song. After a couple of minutes slowly dancing to the music, Bandit spoke.

Bandit: Happy anniversary Chilli Cattle.

Chilli: Happy anniversary Bandit Heeler.

The two stopped dancing and leaned in, close their eyes, and kissed each other with love-filled passion. After kissing, Chilli rested her head against Bandits chest as they continued dancing to the music.

The end

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- Bandit Heeler/Chilli Heeler
- Bluey Heeler & Chilli Heeler

- Bingo Heeler & Chilli Heeler
- Chilli Heeler & Mort | Grandad
- Brandy Cattle & Chilli Heeler
- Chilli Heeler & Trixie Heeler
- Chilli Heeler & Wendy | Judo's Mum

Characters:

- Chilli Heeler
- Bandit Heeler
- Bluey Heeler
- Bingo Heeler
- Wendy | Judo's Mum (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
- Judo (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
- Stripe Heeler
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- Muffin Heeler
- Socks Heeler
- Mort | Grandad (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
- Brandy Cattle
- Mackenzie (Bluey Cartoon 2018)
- Chris Heeler | Nana
- Bob Heeler

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Chilli's Recovery

QuirkyTrekkie323

Summary:

Chilli processes her coma dream with each individual dog who featured in it.

Notes:

This is a fanfic based on this Reddit piece:

https://www.reddit.com/r/bluey/comments/1cuixxx/fanfic_bandits_belt_happy_ending_a_fanmade_short/

in which the infamous Bandit's Belt (read here: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14153508/1/Bandits-Belt) was all just a coma dream had by Chilli. Contains major spoilers for Bandit's Belt and mentions of all manner of dark things, but nothing too dark actually happens.

Chapter 1: Bandit

Chapter Text

The air was filled with the sound of dinner music and dogs talking and laughing over their meals, the lights were low, and Bandit and Chilli Heeler sat at the table waiting for a waiter to come and take their order.

Chilli had recently recovered from a coma following a Twister accident, and while she was perfectly fine in body, her mind was still a little shaken. Not so shaken that she'd need a therapist, but a little shaken nonetheless, the reason being that she'd had a very disturbing dream while she lay unconscious in the hospital.

"So, babe, tell me about this dream you had," said Bandit, taking a sip of his water and making sure not to spill any on his suit – they were wearing clothes for the occasion, Bandit in a black tuxedo and Chilli in a red dress and a pearl necklace, and were both somewhat unaccustomed to wearing clothes. "You said that you had a brain tumour. What was my response?"

"Well…" said Chilli. "As you'd expect, you didn't take it very well. Especially when I… died."

"What?!" said Bandit, surprised.

"Yeah, I died in the dream, but I kept seeing everything else that happened after that… or didn't happen, I guess, since it was all a dream. I went crazy and… well, I…" her voice went soft. "...killed a dog, so you had to, um… put me down."

Bandit's eyes widened. "That's horrible!"

"It was horrible," said Chilli.

Just then, a waiter walked up – a greyhound in full uniform. "May I take your order, sir and madam?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bandit, "I'll take the linguini with clams and some garlic bread for the table." He smiled to himself, glad to be getting a fancy meal that wouldn't make him throw up into the grass the way Bingo's attempt at a fancy meal had.

"And I'll have a spaghetti bolognese, please," said Chilli.

"Coming right up," said the waiter and left.

“As I was saying,” said Chilli, “you had to put me down, and then – you kept my preserved hand as a keepsake. And you started talking to it and hallucinating that I was there. You’d developed schizophrenia from, I guess, the shock of it all, and it gave you these anger issues, too.”

“Can you even get schizophrenia that way?!” asked Bandit.

“I don’t know,” said Chilli. “And, like, nine years passed, and during those nine years, you got together with Brandy. In fact, you’d liked her even when I was still alive… a little too much, because it turned out that Bingo was Brandy’s.”

Bandit nearly choked on his water. “WHAT?! Brandy!? Your sister!?” he said, a little too loudly, causing the occupants of the next table to look over in bemusement.

“The very same dog,” said Chilli. “And…” she teared up a little… “because of that, I hated her. Me hate Bingo, that’s one of the worst things ever. And then, you got the same tumours that I had and… the doctor had to kill you.”

Bandit was taken aback. This whole nightmare scenario Chilli had told him had gotten crazier and crazier, darker and darker by the minute, and had ended with his own death. “But…” he said when he found his voice again. “...cancer isn’t contagious.”

“I know, but in the dream, it was some kind of new cancer,” said Chilli.

“Sounds like a bad B-movie,” said Bandit.

“It felt like a bad B-movie,” said Chilli. “Crossed with a soap opera.”

The waiter came back with the food, set it down, and said, “Your dinner, sir and madam.”

“Thank you!” said the Heeler couple, and began eating.

As Bandit tore off a piece of garlic bread, he said, “Well, aren’t you glad that I’m still alive and not at all interested in Brandy in that way?”

“Of course I am… Romeo McFlourish,” said Chilli, teasing her husband with the nickname he’d called himself during his daughters’ pretend restaurant setup.

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Kudos

Hardlyscarly, Bonesbogus98, TentacledSnakeLover, Slothking, Icy48, AltmanUseYourHandGrenades, and Tw6464 as well as 16 guests left kudos on this work!

Chilli's Recovery

QuirkyTrekkie323

Chapter 2: Bingo

Summary:

Where Chilli tells Bingo about her side of the dream, over playing outside.

Chapter Text

Chilli and Bingo were in the backyard together, playing around. Though Chilli's dream had "lasted" for years, she had actually only been in her coma for the rest of the month, and so she was most relieved to see that Bingo was still five years old, and had not in fact grown into a troubled eight-year-old, then nine-year-old, then teenage, girl, and then into a young woman.

She was even more relieved that Bingo was not the result of Bandit's infidelity, but rather she was the second precious little girl that they'd both "made" and raised together, and that she loved both girls with all of her heart.

"Okay, Bingo," said Chilli, "Can you do this?" and she clapped twice, jumped, and stuck her tongue out. Bingo mimicked it, so Chilli said, "Good girl! Now it's your turn!"

Bingo stomped twice, spun around, and pointed up, so Chilli mimicked it, and Bingo threw her hands up and said, "Hooray!"

That “hooray” brought a smile to Chilli’s face – to her, it sort of symbolised that everything was right in the world, and that Bingo was still her happy little girl. Then, a bilby ran past and Bingo playfully got down on all fours and started chasing and pouncing at it, pretending to be a cat.

To Chilli, however, this was a little too close to Bingo’s behaviour in her dream, so she gasped and took a step back.

“Did I scare you?” said Bingo, sitting on the grass and tilting her head in confusion. “I was only being a cat.”

“Well… you kind of did scare me,” said Chilli. “But it wasn’t really you. It was just because it reminded me of what you were like in that dream I had when I was unconscious.”

“What was I like?” asked Bingo innocently.

Chilli sat down. She wasn’t sure how little Bingo would take the story of her dream behaviours, considering that she was only five years old, and a bit shy. However, Chilli didn’t want to lie either, and she felt that Bingo would be even more scared if she knew Chilli was keeping a secret from her, so she decided to tell the truth in the best way possible.

She put her arm around Bingo and said, “In the dream, I had a very bad disease called cancer, and I… well, died from it.”

At this, Bingo clung onto Chilli’s side, glad that her mother wasn’t really dead.

“And,” continued Chilli, “you naturally got very sad that I was dead, and it messed you up, and you started wanting to… drink blood.”

“Eww, what?!” said Bingo. “There’s no way I’d drink blood, even if I was sad and messed up!”
“I know, but dreams aren’t the same as real life,” said Chilli. “You bit yourself to taste your own blood, and whenever you saw other dogs bleeding, you would go crazy and drop down on all fours and all you could think about was tasting the blood. That’s what scared me when you were playing cat with that bilby.”

“That does sound scary!” said Bingo.

“It was,” said Chilli. “And all your friends were scared of you, so they didn’t want to be your friend anymore, except for this deaf boy named Dougie, who was your only friend. And years later, when you were teenagers, you began dating him.”

“What!?” said Bingo. Being the daughter of a very loving couple, she knew all about romance, dating, and “smoochy kisses”, but she was surprised to think of herself older and dating a boy.

“But that was pretty much the only good thing that happened to you in the dream,” Chilli continued, speaking in a sombre voice that made Bingo curl up next to her again. “When you were eight, Socks ripped up this doll you were keeping because it looked like me – she was angry because the cancer had made me crazy and I did bad things to her before I died – and then you got so angry that you bit her and the police put this thing called a muzzle on your mouth to stop you from biting anyone else.”

“I thought only babies bit,” said Bingo.

“Usually they do,” said Chilli, “but like I said, you were messed-up. You stayed in the muzzle for six years, and everyone called you a biter.”

“Did I ever get better and stop wanting to drink blood?”

“Yes,” said Chilli, “but it was because another dog died and you felt guilty for it.”

Bingo’s eyes widened in shock. “I killed a dog!?” she said.

“No, no,” said Chilli, “she got hit by a truck. But you thought you were to blame because the two of you were fighting. And that made you stop wanting to drink blood, but it also made you feel so guilty about it that you stopped eating meat, and that made you sick because we’re dogs, and so Dougie had to convince you to eat meat again.”

“My… boyfriend?” said Bingo, having trouble processing all this crazy information.

“Well… yeah,” said Chilli. “But I want you to know that I’m healthy and not in danger, and that I don’t think you have it in you to do anything that bad no matter how sad you were, and that I’ll always love you.”

“Why would you not love me anymore?” asked Bingo.
Chilli looked down at the grass awkwardly. She wasn’t sure how she’d explain this side of

the dream. “Well…” she said eventually. “In the dream, I didn’t like you because you grew in Aunty Brandy’s tummy instead of mine. So I got angry, because I’m your dad’s wife, so his babies should only grow in my tummy.”

At this revelation, Bingo, for once, wasn’t shocked or sad; instead, she… laughed. The very idea of Brandy being her mother instead of Chilli was so ridiculous to her that she actually started rolling on the grass, laughing her head off. “Aunty Brandy?” she said.

“I know,” said Chilli. “It’s nonsense, isn’t it? Because we both know that I am your mum, and I love you very much. We both know that Aunty Brandy does have a baby in her tummy, but it’s not you.”

“Because I’m already born!” said Bingo through her giggles.

“Exactly,” said Chilli, smiling at her daughter’s response, which was making the sordid nightmare seem ludicrous. “Now, how about we sing Heads, Shoulders, Knees, and Toes?”

“Okay!” said Bingo, wagging her tail as they both stood up and began singing the song and doing the actions.

Chilli's Recovery

QuirkyTrekkie323

Chapter 3: Bluey

Summary:

In which Chilli tells Bluey her part of the story. This one's a little short, since Bluey didn't have *that* much of a role in Bandit's Belt, all things considered. But the next one's a doozy -- it's Brandy!

Chapter Text

Chilli was now in the yard with her other daughter, Bluey. While Bluey hadn't suffered as much as Bingo had in her dream, Chilli was still glad to see that Bluey was still seven years old and not bereft.

Bluey was running around, admiring the flowers, and then said, "Hey, Mum, look at me!" and made a not-entirely-successful attempt at a cartwheel. Rather than be disappointed, however, she just laughed at herself and scrambled up.

"Mum," said Bluey, "Bingo says that when you were unconscious, you dreamt that Bingo had actually grown in Aunty Brandy's tummy instead of yours, and then you died, so she started wanting to drink blood, bit Socks, got put in a muzzle, felt guilty about another dog dying, and started dating a boy named Dougie. Did you really?"

"Yep," said Chilli. "And it was intense!"

"Was I in your dream, Mum?" said Bluey.

"Well, yes, you were," said Chilli.

"What was I like?" asked Bluey.

"Well," said Chilli, "You were actually kind of lucky compared to most of the others, but you still didn't have a very good time. You were sad that I died, of course, and then Mackenzie came over and offered you some wine, and you drank it."

"But I thought wine was for grown-ups," said Bluey.

"It is," said Bluey, nodding. "That's why your dad got angry and tried to hit you with his belt – well, that and the fact that when I died, the shock broke his brain."

Bluey's eyes widened in a mixture of fear and confusion – the thought of her father being that violent was both disturbing and a puzzle to her, since she had never known him to be that way.

"But," said Chilli, "after that, things kind of eased off for you. You eventually grew to be ten years old, and on a trip to America, you met these two kids named Marcus Jr. and Hilda, and you'd play house together, based on Junior's friends' families."

“Marcus?” asked Bluey. “Honey said her dad’s name is Marcus. Does she have a brother? I thought she was an only child.”

“No, this was a different dog who my mind just made up,” said Chilli. “And then you grew to be sixteen, and by then, you started dating Mackenzie.”

“What?!” said Bluey. Much like her sister, she knew all about romance, but found it hard to imagine herself dating anyone. “Have you been talking to Winton!?” she added, remembering that he’d teased the two about marrying each other last year.

Chilli giggled. “No. And eventually you grew to be twenty-one, and… that was pretty much it for you.”

“Well,” said Bluey, “I’m glad that I got lucky in your dream, but I’m even more glad that it didn’t really happen – and you’re still alive, and Dad’s okay, and Bingo’s okay… and she grew in the right tummy.” She giggled as she said this last part, making Chilli giggle as well, and then Bluey went back to practicing her cartwheeling.